1851.

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THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

VOLUME III. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1851. NUMBER 142.

THE INDEPENDENT.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

TERMS—$2 per annum to those who order the paper sent by *mail*, and $2 50 to those who receive the paper by *carriers* or *post-riders* at their door free of charge.

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☞ Advertisements.—Seventy-five cents for 16 lines for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

The Boston Office of *The Independent* is at the Literary Agency of G. W. Light, No. 3 Cornhill.

EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The editors of this journal are Leonard Bacon, Joseph P. Thompson, and R. S. Storrs, Jun. When Mr. Storrs entered the editorial *corps*, he reserved the right to withdraw from it whenever the paper should have become established. Except for the absence of Dr. Bacon, he would therefore have done so at the commencement of this year. But in consequence of that absence he will continue to contribute as heretofore to our columns; being relieved, however, of all Editorial supervision and responsibility, except in the case of his own articles. Those are designated by his initial, S.

The Assistant Editor is Rev. Joshua Leavitt.

Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., (C.) and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, (✻) are enlisted as stated contributors to the editorial columns.

SELECTIONS.

Neglect of Common Mercies.

"No one will affirm that the manna was the less bountiful proof of the care of God, because, in order to suit the convenience of the Israelites, it did not fall irregularly but at periodical intervals, and was gathered every morning that those who partook of it might be strengthened for the journey of the day. And will any one maintain that our daily food is less the gift of God because it is not sent at random, but in appointed ways and at certain seasons, that we may be prepared to receive it? Was the water of which the Israelites drank less beneficent because it followed them all the way through the wilderness? No one will affirm that it was; and yet there are persons who feel as if they did not require to be grateful for the water of which they drink, because it comes to them from the clouds of heaven, and the fountains which gush from the earth.

"We condemn the Hebrews when we read of their ingratitude, and yet we imitate their conduct. When the manna first fell, and they saw abundance of food on the bare face of the desert, gratitude heaved in every breast, and the bounty of God was acknowledged by all. How short a time elapsed till this gratitude was turned into apathy and indifference; and they began to look upon the manna in much the same light as we look upon the dews of the evening, or the crops in harvest, as something regular and customary, the denial of which might justify complaint, but the bestowal of which was not reckoned as fitted to call forth thankfulness. Because the water flowed with them through all their journey, so that the heat of a burning sun could not exhale it, nor the thirsty sand of the desert absorb it up, just because it continued all the time as fresh and as cool as when it leapt from its parent rock, the Israelites came to regard it with as little wonder as we do the stream which may run past our dwelling. The pillar of cloud hung continually before them, so that the rays of a meridian sun could not dissipate it, nor the winds of heaven drive it away; and they came at last to be no more grateful for it than we usually are for the light of the sun returning every morning. Just because this pillar of cloud was kindled into a pillar of fire every night, they became as familiar with it as we are with the stars which God lights up in the firmament. The younger portion of the people, born in the desert, and long accustomed to these wonders, may have come to look upon them as altogether natural, and would be no more surprised at the sight of the fiery pillar casting its light afar upon the sands, than we are with the meteor that flashes across the evening sky. Does it not appear as if it were the very frequency of the gift, and the regularity of its coming, which lead mankind to forget the giver? It is as if a gift were left every morning at our door, and we were at length to imagine that it came alone without being sent. It is as if the widow, whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil were blessed by the prophet, had come at length to imagine that there was nothing supernatural in the transaction, just because the barrel of meal did not waste, and the cruse of oil did not fail."—*M'Cosh.*

The Glory to be Revealed,

Dr. Arnold very strikingly remarks, "Men forget what they were in their youth, or at best only partially remember it: it is hard even for those whose memories are strongest and lively, to put themselves exactly into the same position in which they stood as boys: they can scarcely fancy that there was once a when they cared so much for pleasures and troubles which now seem so trifling. And it may be, if we rise hereafter to angels' stature; if wisdom be ours such as we dream not of; if, being counted worthy to know God as he is, the poorness of all created pleasures shall be revealed to us, bathing upon our uncreated spirits like light—it may be that we shall then feel it is hard to fancy how we could have cared for what we now deem most important; how twenty years, more or less, taken from this span of our earthly life: how being parted for a few years, more or less, from those dear friends with whom we are united forever—how this could have seemed of any importance to beings born for immortality. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the interests of mankind will hereafter appear to us just as insignificant, I ought rather to say ten thousand times more so than the interests of our boyish years may seem to us now."

Sabbath Evening.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
Steals with a soft control
O'er nature, as a thought of heaven
Steals o'er the human soul;
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seem to bring down to human woes
From the bright haven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees,
A shady group incline;
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them now the night winds blow,
So calm and still, the music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
Soft echoed on the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,
Rise to a God beloved,
And o'er the waters move as erst
The Holy Spirit moved;
The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
Seem the fair notes of seraphim;
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their songs of worship, love, and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the holy skies;
And the pure stars come out above,
Like sweet and blessed things of love,
Bright signals in the etherial dome
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spirit of blessedness
In sky and earth and heaven,
And nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven;
Oh, who, at such an hour of love,
Can gaze on all around, above,
And not kneel down upon the sod
With Nature's self to worship God!

Summer.

A dreamy sound of waters
Falling, ever falling!
Voices of sweet song-birds
To each other calling;
Flowers all rainbow-tinted,
Springing, ever springing!
On the vagrant breezes
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,
A fullness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward
Through regions ever bright—
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,
Like some ambrosial clime—
These are the signs that tell us
Of glorious Summer time!

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR DOWN-EAST CORRESPONDENT.

Bangor, Aug. 6, 1851.

Messrs. Editors:—You will be glad to hear, as I trust you will hear from all parts of this State, that our new temperance law is working energetically and most beneficially. It is marvelous how silently and yet efficiently it goes ahead, clearing out the evil on every hand. None expected any such result. Many expected a directly opposite result. It is said that some in the legislature who voted for the law, did so on the ground, that so stringent a law could never be carried into effect; and that an attempt to enforce it would bring on a reaction that would destroy it, and put an end to this troublesome business of legislating against liquor. Right the opposite of this has been the experience; and the result thus far has demonstrated this, viz., that law to do anything must be law; must have a just penalty, and the evil doer by no possibility be able to escape from that penalty. The one who does evil should find the hand of the law upon him, bringing him forth to the light and the punishment. This our temperance law does. The propriety of having a law to check the promoters of intemperance among us, it would seem is too plain to be questioned. Yet it is questioned, and such a law will everywhere meet a powerful and determined opposition in the community. Politics, infernal and devilish sometimes, in some of its mischievous, not to say malignant freaks and forms, will plot its overthrow.

There was recently delivered in one of the churches of this city on the Sabbath, a temperance sermon, the sentiment of which appeared to be generally approved as timely and useful. The following is a paragraph or two upon the use of law.

"In order to give moral means their due effect, there must be right legislation. There is a sense indeed, in which law and penalty are a moral force—as expressing the convictions, the wishes of the community, they have a great moral force. For one I have never been able to see why wholesome and stringent laws against the traffic in intoxicating drinks, which is the great feeder of intemperance, and the nourisher of all its mighty ills, are not right. If it is true that law is enacted for the prevention of crime, and if it is further true, that it is right to enact any law for the prevention of any crime, then does it not follow with an irresistible force that a law passed which strikes at the fountain head of three-fourths of all the crimes committed, and prevents their ever being committed, is right, and being right, is expedient? . . . . There is another view to be taken—law is made not only to restrain the wicked but to protect the innocent—and in a land of law the innocent may demand protection. That outraged woman may claim protection against the man who would make her husband a maniac, and his home a hell. The community may claim protection against those whose business goes directly to inflame, incite, disorganize and destroy; yea, to pull down the majestic fabric, and tear up the deep foundations of society. I take the ground strongly and unqualifiedly, that if law is not right and expedient here, it is nowhere:—that if this process of destroying, yea directly and specifically killing body and soul by alcohol, cannot be properly, constitutionally restrained by law, then killing men in no other way, by no other instrument can be properly restrained by law. If it is to be moral suasion here and nothing more, let us apply it throughout, and rely upon it to keep men in order. Let us burn the statute-book and abolish the judiciary, and when the people refuse to do right, and obstinately and fiercely persist to do wrong,—forge, steal, murder, fire the peaceful dwelling at the unconscious midnight hour, let us the more earnestly ply the grand corrective, and in all beseeching attitudes and by all hard motives, implore them for humanity's sake to try and behave better, "Dear *dear* friends, now don't do so." Thanks be to God we are not left to the mercy of any such impotent and worthless appliances. We have the arm of law, which in every just cause personates the arm and authority of God. We have a remarkable law to aid us in this primal and fundamental reform; let us honor it, use it, sustain it. It cannot but be the prayer of every humane person that this statute may stand. . . . . It has nothing to fear even from the cupidity, the intense selfishness of men. The misery with us in this country is the sordid doctrine which prevails, that nothing must be allowed to interfere with trade. Trade, money-making—this the supreme interest; and money-made, this our God; and nothing may stand in the way. Selling rum is trade, and that sanctifies the whole business; and so it goes, and principle must go, and conscience go, and happiness go, and hearths and hearts go, and souls irretrievably go, that certain ones may pursue this traffic and reap its gains. O let this dreadful ravenous selfishness for once give way, and let no one be willing to make another dollar out of the crushed hopes and affections of citizens and friends. Let no one consent to rise an inch in political elevation by standing on another bleached bone of his murdered fellow. Let all generously stand together, that our beneficent law may abide, and work till it shall deliver us from our foe and our chain. Let all be willing that this troubler of our peace should at once leave us, that this blessed evacuation should completely take place; that the Augean stables of this just be thoroughly cleansed, and then what a place will this begin to be!"

Indeed we may say, what a place has it already begun to be. We are greatly favored in our mayor and city marshal. The latter, Mr. Farnham, since he was killed as the newspapers had it, for his fidelity to the law, has been performing very diligent and effective service. I was glad to find, on meeting him shortly after the catastrophe, that he had not heard of it. He remarked to me that so far from meeting any threatening opposition in the discharge of his official duties, he had scarcely received any uncivil words. Rarely does he find a candidate for the watch-house; formerly as many were put in during some single weeks as would be put in, according to the present ratio, for a whole year. The house of correction has been so completely emptied that men had to be hired to do the haying—work heretofore performed by the inmates of the house. The saloons and grog-shops at the corners and conspicuous places in the streets are closed, and the premises look delightfully desolate. A large class of hangers-about, regarded by all as a nuisance, attracted to the place by the accomodations for getting drunk, have drifted away somewhere else. It is manifest to any one who will take a walk through the principal streets that they are missing. We have comparatively quietness and peace, and hope that we shall have it more and more.

Kenduskeag.

For the Independent.

THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

Messrs. Editors:—I should be glad to call the attention of your readers to the question whether something can be done for the free colored people in this country, and particularly in the Northern States, more than has hitherto been attempted. It has seemed to me that this class of our population have excited entirely too little of the sympathies even of our best men; and that nothwithstanding the disadvantages and prejudices under which they labor, a great deal more might be accomplished for their improvement than is generally supposed. It cannot be denied that they are, compared with the rest of the American population, a degraded people. It is true, their condition, in this respect, has been much exaggerated by the advocates of slavery; but they are, as a class, ignorant and poor; many of them vicious; and an undue proportion of them are inmates of our prisons.

Now it is evident that if these people are ever to be raised at all, it must be done in exactly the same way with other ignorant and degraded people, by educating them, by opening the more elevated trades and occupations to them, and above all, by removing as far as possible the oppressive and heavy weight of prejudice that rests upon them, and making them feel that they are really of consequence in the world, and have something to live for.

Our colonization friends have a plan for accomplishing these objects, which however praiseworthy, has the disadvantage of being somewhat indirect. They propose gradually to send them all a few thousand miles to a country which very few of them ever saw, and many of them never heard of, but which is yet considered, by a sort of poetic fiction, their *native* land, there to attain, amidst

"Woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,"

that cultivation which somehow nature never meant they should arrive at among white people: and pleasing visions are indulged of the time when all the descendants of those who were originally taken from that land, quadroons and mulattoes included, shall *return* to their own country, free, happy, contented, and out of the way.

How much of this gigantic enterprise will ever be accomplished, and how much it might be desirable to accomplish if it could be done, I do not pretend to say. It is certain, however, that there is no prospect of anything very considerable being done toward it very soon. And in the mean time these people are among us, and it is our duty as Christians and philanthropists to take, if possible, some definite measures to improve their condition.

I have often wished, upon hearing the claims of the Colonization Society argued, that an association could be formed corresponding to it in extent, and having in view the same objects at home which that society proposes to accomplish abroad. It is a little difficult, after all that may be said about prejudice against color, to see why men that are capable of self government and of succeeding in every profession and business in Liberia, cannot be raised above the condition of house servants or porters in the United States. Besides, does not this prejudice itself mostly arise from the facts in the case? We tell men of the degradation of the colored people, and they speak of the prejudice that exists. We tell them that the feeling toward them is the result of this prejudice, and they speak of their ignorance and degradation. If the condition of the colored people is owing to insurmountable physical obstacles, or insuperable mental deficiency, it cannot of course be ameliorated; but if it is owing, in whole or in part, to mere *prejudice*, it can and ought to be overcome.

I do not of course suppose that this whole race can be raised in a few months, or even years, to the condition of a large majority of our white population, but I do suppose that the following *things can* be done, and in my humble judgment, done much better in this country, their native land and the land of their fathers for as many generations as we ourselves can boast, much more effectually than it ever can or will be done any where else.

First. Their education might be improved, and a small number at least, receive a liberal education. There is no obstacle whatever to this except the want of money. There is no opposition to education among them, and there are few colored parents who would not be glad to have their children taught if they could afford it. Indeed they are very far in advance of some of their white friends in this respect. A colored man may be vain of his dress, vain of his appearance, vain of his skill as a waiter or whitewasher, vain of his employer, vain of the carriage and horses he drives, vain of being able to use big words without exactly understanding them, but he is never vain of his ignorance. You sometimes hear him talking about things he does not understand, but you never hear him boasting *because* he does not understand them. There is many a Pennsylvania farmer worth from ten to fifty thousand dollars, who rejects every year for his children opportunities that would be grasped at eagerly by a race considered by many incapable of improvement.

Second. They might be encouraged to enter into more desirable employments than at present. I do not refer exclusively to the learned professions, but to mechanical trades, and to some kinds of mercantile business. This would be a much more difficult task than the other. Mechanics and shop-keepers do not like colored apprentices, and white mechanics will not work with black ones; but still, establishments might be founded where colored boys might be taught profitable trades and taught them well. There are now large numbers of colored men employed as mechanics, but they are too often poor workmen, from being half taught, and not knowing how their work really ought to be done.

Third. Public sympathy for them might be increased; not merely the sympathy that would relieve them if sick, or cold, or hungry, but that which acts upon the principle that the negro is a man, and has the feelings and hopes and capacities of a man. There is very little of this in any part of the country, North or South. Many look on the exertions of a colored man to improve himself and imitate his more favored brethren, a good deal as they would on the efforts of a dog to walk on two legs, or a horse to dance the polka,—as something rather funny than otherwise. There may be something ludicrous in the attempts of some to imitate the dress and follies of fashionable life, in their excessive politeness, their magniloquent discourse, and their imitations of fashions in dress that are ugly enough when made of the most expensive material, and set off by the most elegant figure and most polished manner possible; but yet there is something noble in the efforts of a poor and despised class any where, to raise themselves above their condition, even if sometimes misdirected and out of place. These efforts are however far from being all of this character. There is hardly any class in our country which has improved more during the last ten or twenty years than the colored people; and a man who would go among them expecting to find them exactly where they were in 1840, would be almost as far out of his latitude as if he expected to find one of our western cities what it was then.

I trust I need not remind the readers of *The Independent* of the extreme desirableness of elevating the character of these people, not only in itself considered, but also in its influence upon the existence of slavery in the Southern States. If the colored people at the North were as intelligent, as wealthy, and as really respectable in every way as the whites, slavery could not stand a year before the influence of such a fact. In the present state of things this cannot be hoped for; but we can approximate in some measure to it. There are, I believe, some four or five hundred thousand free blacks in the United States, of whom about one half are at the North, and they are for the most part concentrated in our large cities, and just at the points where it would be desirable to have them in order to have the influence of their presence and example most felt. Whatever is done for them, therefore, will tell tremendously upon that great social and moral curse which so disgraces our country.

The great difficulty in such an association for these objects, as I have ventured to suggest, would probably be one not at all peculiar to it, namely, to secure the means. There is in this country not only an indifference to the elevation of the blacks, but a great deal of positive opposition to it, both secret and avowed. There are, however, men who would give liberally to such an enterprise if organized on right principles. Perhaps some of our transatlantic friends might be induced to take an interest in it. At any rate, for one, I should be glad to see the subject agitated as one intimately connected with the interests of our country, and of humanity.

Philanthropos.

For the Independent.

COMMENCEMENT, MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit a traveler to send you a short account of this annual literary festival. This Institution is situated on the Ohio river, at the mouth of the Muskingum, in the beautiful town of Marietta. This place may justly be called the Plymouth of the West. It was settled by a noble class of men from New England—the monuments of whose piety and worth are the civil, religious, and educational institutions which they established. There is no place in the West which exhibits so many of the characteristics of the best New England towns. Most western towns have an extemporaneousness of appearance, and a disregard to the requisitions of good taste. It is a strange fact, that almost all settlers carry their hatred to trees so far as to cut down before their very doors every tree and shrub, and thus make their dwellings as desolate as possible, whereas they might have preserved some of the ancient and majestic forest-trees, under whose patriarchal shade they might have lived, and their children have played. In Marietta great care has been taken to secure wide and shaded streets, and beautiful yards and gardens.

The Congregational church of Marietta was the first church of the North-west. The college was established here in 1835. It has passed through some trials incident to a new institution, but now it is believed to be firmly established, and its prosperity certain.

The annual Commencement took place July 31st. The day before, the oration before the Alumni was delivered by Rev. E. B. Andrews, of New Britain, Conn. His theme was, The Significance and Value of Outward Beauty, and the Correspondencies between *Natural* and *Moral* Beauty. A copy for publication was requested by the Alumni. The oration before the literary societies was given by Rev. L. W. Seeley, of Midway, Ky. It was an able discourse on the Connection between Mental Science and Religion. He showed himself unusually familiar with all the phases of German philosophy, and revealed an ability, rare in these days, to condemn that philosophy with discrimination.

The performances of the graduating class were highly creditable. It is usual for the President to give his Baccalaureate address on the afternoon of Commencement day, instead of the previous Sabbath. The address on this occasion was very able and masterly, and certainly the most eloquent performance of the kind to which I have ever listened. President Smith always takes comprehensive and grand views, and sets them forth in language peculiarly terse and nervous, and with an eloquence strangely electric. He has grown up with the college, and I find that he is greatly admired and esteemed in all parts of the West, wherever he is known.

Six young men received the first degree, and one completed the scientific course. The degree of A. M. was conferred on the following grades: Rev. E. B. Andrews, Rev. J. M. Preston, and William Irwin; the honorary degree of A. M. on Rev. D. Gould, of the Harmar Congregational Church; the degree of LL.D. on Hon. Reuben Wood, Governor of Ohio, and Hon. Gustavus Swan, of Columbus. Viator.

Foreign Correspondence.

A LITTLE ABOUT LONDON.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

England, Aug. 2, 1851.

A traveler standing beside his dead camel at the ruins of Baalbeck, is scarcely more solitary and isolated than is the stranger dropped from a 'Bus in the Strand or Cheapside. The one traveler can establish no relations with a grain of the sands of the desert; the stranger in London cannot establish any relation with any one of the myriads of human atoms which, like a living Niagara, rush and roar through the streets of the modern Babylon. The very excess of humanity seems to dehumanize the mass, to all intents and purposes of sympathy. This London, six vast cities in one, always oppresses the visitor by its magnitude, and by the seeming impossibility of having any sympathy—any interchange of thought and feeling with millions who are yet men of like passions with ourselves—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. This London is now another London, and yet the same: its thoroughfares yet more crowded, and with a stronger pulse of life beating in all its arteries.

The Excursion train arrives: the ample station and its avenues are thronged, not by scores but by thousands of travelers. These of necessity slowly emerge from the station, and pour as a tributary stream into the mighty river. The traveler has arrived at London—and yet he is three or four miles from "the city." He stands for a moment where a few years ago were farms and villages. On either hand, west of London, great districts have grown up, squares, terraces, streets, representing an annual value almost beyond calculation, and indicating an increase and aggregation of wealth beyond example in the history of modern civilization.

So the traveler rides for miles through the London into London, or, say first, to Charing Cross—Charing the village that was, with the beautiful monumental cross, the last of many which marked the resting-places of the remains of Queen Eleanor, as they were conveyed to Westminster Abbey, half a mile distant.

From Charing we go down the Strand, the former highway between the two cities of London and Westminster. What a scene is here, and what sounds!—not the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but the almost insupportable thunder of omnibus, coach and cab; of loaded train and vehicles of every degree. How it is that they are not crushed or inextricably entangled is a mystery not to be explained. On, on they roll in continuous streams east and west, and apparently without an inch of space for any divergence. More surprising still, here comes rushing, like a sinuous fiery serpent, a fire engine, helmeted fire kings mounted upon it. Talk of guiding the vessel of the state and weathering a storm!—henceforth let driving a city 'Bus through Cheapside, Fleet-street and the Strand, be the action chosen to express skill and triumph over difficulty. Accidents there are, though surprisingly few. I hear—for it is at the corner of a comparatively quiet street—the check given to the vehicle, and the jolt of the wheel as it has passed over that poor fellow's leg: he shrieks and looks faint; a young surgeon is with me: in an instant the stocking is off, and the leg pronounced to be "all right," bruises excepted. The driver pulls up, and is anxious for the verdict that it was not his fault; and that was given by the suddenly collected jury. A few days before my companion had seen a fatal accident: an omnibus is stopped for a minute; the next in the torrent behind it cannot be checked in time; its pole strikes the conductor of the omnibus which had stopped, in the hollow of the knee-joint, and shatters the joint and processes, and instant amputation afforded the only chance of life; but death followed upon it.

It is almost impossible to converse in the streets. "When I get home I feel as if I were deaf," said an American gentleman, who had not long exchanged the silence and solitude of the desert for London. The chief thoroughfares, withal, have a more pleasant and human look than they ordinarily wear. The Londoner walks rapidly, getting over amazing distances. This walking and muscular exertion keeps him alive. He looks preoccupied and yet alert; instinctively he gets on; the rule of the road helps him;—left hand to the end: pass to the right. Remember this and don't loiter, and you will neither be jostled, trodden upon, or knocked down. So they keep moving. Now a change has come over the spirit of the streets. The Londoner is embarrassed; his territory is invaded: the law of the streets is unknown or disregarded; country folk, Americans and foreigners, do not dispute the way with the Cockney, but they take possession of it. They are come up to London, they and their wives, and their little ones: they are come to see and to enjoy; they take "the crown of the causeway," and walk freely and leisurely, and with as little restraint as in the country town, or in the country field or lane, in which they are at "home." Pleasant pictures some of these groups make. The faces of fresh country maidens bright, and brighter with pleased wonder, make sunshine in the dingy and often sunless city. The morning is wet, but the country folk are come up to see the Exhibition, and they must go; we also must go, not to be singular, if a carriage is to be had or a seat to be obtained in a public conveyance. We are at Temple Bar: perfectly incredible are the numbers of persons and vehicles passing beneath the ancient boundary and western gate of the city. Above the din arises the shrill and joyous *hurrah, hurrah!* of a large number of boys, the children of some city school, who shout exultingly as they pass through the far-famed "Bar."

We move on westward to the Park—move on part of a never-ending procession. Where can all the vehicles and all the horses come from? Approaching the center of attraction, our progress is slow; and there is time much to wonder at the concourse, at what the people come to see, and how all were to see it. To see the Exhibition, and to neither say nor sing anything about it were passing strange; but speech about it is hard,—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

That we know; but there are who are dumb in the presence of beauty.

The People and the Place, the place and the people; and chiefly the *People*:—that wondrous gathering is *the* Exhibition. Yet both are one. This feeling of *Unity* and *Harmony* has almost exclusively filled my mind as the *Idea* of the place. The vastness, the diversity, the grandeur, the beauty, the animate and the inanimate; humanity, its interests; man, his powers and tendencies, as thus embodied, made me feel, upon entering the place, as if the greatest Epic Poem ever written was visibly presented in a flash, and then sunk into the soul. It was not a number of great and various parts, or even perceived parts combined, which presented themselves, but a grand whole—a harmonious unity. I had read with some interest the discussion raised upon the question of decoration and color. I, literally, saw no colors, and was not reminded of Mr. Owen Jones, the artist, his theory or his practice. The silken banners of the towns were above, (how different the symbols to those which in a similar manner hang above the stalls of the knights of noble and royal orders in St. George's, Windsor!)—the crystal fountain was below, splendid tapestry, and wondrous works of art around; palms waved their fan-like branches; sweet flowers sent up their odors; and, faint as harp music on a sounding shore, an organ-note swelled through the distance, and made itself just heard amidst the full, continuous murmur of the crowd, "whose sound was like the sea."

No, nothing can be said of the Exhibition by me; 'twere the labor of a life to make acquaintance with it in detail. One of the foremost men of the world, Sir David Brewster, has visited it every day since its opening; and he has spoken as an apostle of science and true Christian philosopher. The Crystal Palace, the Palace of Industry, the Palace of Peace, furnishes a subject—a new subject sufficient to task the highest genius. An occasion has been presented, and we will hope that a man or men may be found to improve it.

There is the machinery in motion: who can look upon it without asking, How? When shall these prodigious and ever-increasing, and more widely applied powers,—how shall these be made to toil, to produce, to conquer the earth for Man?

There are the splendors which also represent the havoc of the old eastern world—those wondrous tissues of gold and silver, of which heart of no western lady has conceived!—shawls, scarfs, light as gossamer, or rich in color, or heavy with pearls not more precious than the delicate embroidery; garments heavy with emeralds and other precious stones; housings and caparisons, and weapons of war; barbaric pomp and gold;—who can look upon these without thinking of the prolific east, the luxurious, the debased Orient, ever being ravaged by barbarian or by civilized conqueror, far off, too, from God and happiness. And that "trophy" of Spitalfields' silk, does it not speak of tolerating edicts revoked, of Huguenots banished, of the moral life of France, lost almost beyond recovery?—of Spitalfields' weavers too, who, while adding grace to beauty and splendor to palaces, sometimes feel the pinchings of hunger, and stand undefended before the blasts of winter.

The medieval court, crowded with spectators, is the most strange and not the least significant picture: high altars richly decorated in all the attractive—or repulsive splendors of the Romish system, with all their accessories; pontifical and priestly robes, the trappings of priestcraft; model tombs, with the effigies of prelates; "church" furniture and decorations without an end;—all these, not presented as are the contents of a geological museum, but as things of the present that are, and that are to be, might well excite meditation and special wonder. If decrepid Spain, too, is fitly symbolized, crowds assemble as around a shrine to gaze on the jewels of a Bourbon—the one for whom the many are made; and near to these, the other ruling power in Spain is represented by a church armament of immense value, upon which the skill of the artist has been exhausted. Then there is the Austrian banner—the banner of the barbarian—hanging over the treasures of art, the creation of the genius of Italy, which makes one turn with indignation and loathing from that which, if not overshadowed by the gloom of conquest, would be most attractive.

Pleasant, aye pleasant is it to turn from crowded Austria, with its proud display of material and artistic wealth and skill, to the western solitude. The "United States" does look a great, half-occupied continent: not yet conquered, much less adorned either by true or by specious and enervating art, the western world is not inaptly symbolized. And here, withal, is more food for thought than can be digested and appropriated in a month. Wonderful things many—rich and rare things many are there in the Exhibition, not including the "great humbug," the Kooh-i-noor, which has preached its own sermon too on human folly and vanity;—but beyond all question, the most marvelous thing is to be found in the American portion, though not included in the catalogue of its contents: it is a good solid leger-like quarto volume, with the names, residence when at home, where from, where staying now, and where destined for—of *two thousand American citizens*, written for the most part in good, plain, downright caligraphy. This volume and its 2,000 autographs, increasing day by day, is the wonder of the Exhibition in the opinion of the present writer, who, with curiosity, hope and expectation, turned over the leaves, and, so doing, was helped to a higher enjoyment than the palace and all its contents could afford. Amidst the millions of right hands in London, he was able to stretch out and grasp that of a beloved American friend and brother.

There are two or three other thoughts and things—

Here has come the American Peace Society, in the person of the secretary; also another worthy son of the old Bay State. A hundred welcomes to them, and the ending of this letter happily interrupted.

Agricola.

FROM OUR PEDESTRIAN CORRESPONDENT.

I left off my "Journal" of Prison-life, in the Gros Wardein Fortress, you may remember, nearly in the midst of my imprisonment. At this time my quarters were changed, and I was put into a much cleaner and pleasanter cell. Our prison-rooms, in general appearance, were like those of most of the old feudal castles one sees in Europe—reserved for State prisoners. Moderately large, with heavy arches meeting in the center and faintly lighted by the chink in the window, over the boarding. They were beside somewhat damp, very dirty, and overrun with fleas. The old Castle itself had perhaps been an imposing structure in the middle ages. It was built around the four sides of a square, the space within being used as a court. On the outside was once a heavy wall with fosse, and various watch towers, and beyond these, other works. But since, at least, the days of modern science in artillery, Gros Wardein and the Fortress have never been of any importance in a military respect.

The old wall is all crumbling and falling into the fosse; the arches under the towers are in many places broken down, and the vines growing over the ruins. Under a part of the outer works wine and beer shops are now built, and as a whole, one may say, the old Fortress has pretty nearly lost its original character. In the revolution the Hungarian ministry chose, with very good judgment, Gros Wardein as the central manufacturing depôt, and this castle was turned into a gun manufactory. Now it is used by the Austrians as a great barracks for the soldiers, and a state-prison for political offenders.

I continue the extracts from my journal after I was removed to my better quarters.

Gros Wardein Fortress, June 17.—I find it all much pleasanter here than in the old quarters—it was impossible to sleep there, what with the fleas and the noise. The very day I came in here a tall, manly Hungarian, with immense beard and mustachios, was led in by the Provost and introduced to us.

He found an old friend at once in Nagy [the preacher] and to me he said immediately, "We shall soon be friends; this must be the place to make acquaintances fast!" He says there is a great deal of talk about my arrest, and that the Hungarians are very indignant. It appears he himself is a rich landholder from the neighborhood—a nobleman—and is sent here for calling the office holders "a set of rascals!"

I am surprised how coolly he takes his arrest though he is an old soldier, and more used to such things. However his *blue days* will come. He has brought a good stock of Hungarian sagars, which is a great blessing to the others, as they will not smoke the "*Imperial Austrian*" though they are a little cheaper.

Rich as he is, he tells me he has fully decided to go to America if he can only "sell out." His plan is, to make a company with his family and friends, and with peasants who will stipulate to work with them for a certain number of years, and then all to go directly to our western states

and hand in preparing the heart of nations for this consummation? Who can contemplate the events of this year, and not see the divinity that is shaping these great opportunities toward the end we seek? Who can doubt that next year will bring its rich experience of progress; its new currents of popular sympathy with the objects we seek; its unprecedented attractions and opportunities which shall be to us like a still small voice from heaven saying in our ear of faith and heart of hope, Onward! for the Prince of Peace is with you! E. B.

London, July 31, 1851.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21

COLLATING TESTIMONY; SIGNIFICANCE OF OMISSIONS.

In reading the Gospels one is greatly assisted by a Harmony of the four Evangelists, presenting in parallel columns the points of resemblance and of difference between them. He thus sees at a glance the substantial agreement of four independent witnesses in all those facts which they narrate in common, and also wherein the narrative of one is either more detailed or more succinct than that of another, and by collating the whole, as has been done by Doddridge in his Family Expositor, he will be able to frame a consecutive narrative of the Savior's life and teachings, which shall be harmonious and complete. The value of the testimony of the Evangelists is greatly hightened by their diversities of method, of style, and of incident. They often narrate the same facts, as for example the fact of the crucifixion, or that of the resurrection, but each with several points of distinction from the rest. Yet on collating their testimony by the common rules of evidence, in all this diversity we find no contradiction; and when we have succeeded in interlocking all the incidents of time and place till like the several parts of a dissected map they form one harmonious whole, our confidence in each as an independent witness is proportionately increased, and our belief of their united testimony amounts to an assurance of the facts.

The attempt has been made to impeach the testimony of the Evangelists, or the genuineness of the Gospels has been disputed, on the ground of certain omissions which are supposed to be irreconcilable with their alleged date and authorship,—and also on account of the silence of Josephus upon some points which the Evangelists do state. But the omission of facts not essential to the integrity of a narrative can furnish no argument against the genuineness or the substantial accuracy of the document containing that narrative. We have a notable instance of this in an epistle of Pliny, which gives a minute account of an eruption of Vesuvius that occurred in his day, yet does not make the least allusion to the most impressive circumstance connected with it, the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The narrative of Dr. Bacon's adventures in Kurdistan affords an illustration of the same sort. The report of these adventures that reached Boston through some missionary correspondent of the American Board, laid much stress upon the fact that a certain Mullah, observing Dr. B.'s party at prayer, had said, "These are good men and must not be killed." This statement was published in several papers, but when Dr. Bacon's own narrative came to hand and it was found that this did not in any way allude to such a striking incident, the conclusion was drawn that the first report was erroneous. Surely Dr. Bacon would not have omitted a fact of such moment. But now in to-day's paper, we have from Dr. Bacon a confirmation of this very incident, which it seems he had reserved for a special argument upon the doctrine of a particular Providence. The fact, however, would have been the same if Dr. B. had not alluded to it; and inasmuch as it was not essential to his narrative, his silence respecting it did not at all impeach the accuracy of the other reporter. If a report of Dr. Bacon's peril in the mountains of Kurdistan had reached us from other sources, and letters of the same or a later date from Dr. B. himself had made no mention of this, but had spoken of his arrival at Oroomiah as if from a prosperous journey, then indeed his silence would have gone far to disprove the rumor; but not so of a non-essential incident. Why not believe the missionary though Dr. B. were silent? "How comes it," says Chalmers, "that the silence of Josephus should be construed into an impeachment of the testimony of the Evangelists, while it is never admitted, for a single moment, that the silence of the Evangelists can impart the slightest blemish to the testimony of Josephus?"

On collating Dr. Bacon's account with the previous report, we find a slight discrepancy. He does not quote any such remark of the Mullah respecting their prayer, but speaks of its effect upon the whole robber-gang of Malul agha. Now will any man pretend that this discrepancy throws suspicion over the whole story? Yet similar pretences are made respecting the Evangelists. Says Prof. Greenleaf, a high authority upon Evidence, "Far greater discrepancies can be found in the different reports of the same case, given by the reporters of legal judgments, than are shown among the Evangelists; and yet we do not consider them as detracting from the credit of the reporters, to whom we still resort with confidence, as to good authority."

There is, however, an argument from the silence of a writer respecting an important point, which is valid and of great weight. In some cases silence is as instructive as express teaching. Where the point omitted would if inserted have had a vital influence upon doctrine or practice, then the omission of it is highly significant, and in an inspired book given for the instruction of mankind in all essential points of belief and of duty, such an omission is proof that the thing omitted is not essential and was never intended to go forth with a divine sanction. The omission in such circumstances may even amount to a conclusive argument against the truth of the omitted fact or doctrine. If for example there is a *Purgatory,—why did Christ never speak of it?* It has been well observed that "from the few indistinct notices of a future state, which occur in the Hebrew Scriptures, we might not have much reason to be surprised at *their* silence on this topic; but when we recollect that it was a special office of Christ to *illuminate life and immortality through the Gospel*, it is utterly incredible that the life-giving Savior should have vouchsafed us no sort of revelation concerning purgatory and prayer for the dead, had the former really existed, and had the latter been a pious and profitable duty. On the awful truths of the next world, our Lord is copious and distinct, alarming and consolatory. We have the whole fearful machinery of the last day placed, as it were, visibly before our very eyes; the sheep on the right hand of the Judge, the goats on the left hand. We hear, as it were, with our very ears, the irreversible doom of weal or woe. The doors of the adytum are thrown open; the mystery, hidden or but dimly perceived through a long succession of ages, is unreservedly declared to the whole universe. Yet, respecting purgatory and prayers for the dead, the great and all-knowing hierophant is profoundly silent." That silence is proof against the doctrine and the practice.

Archbishop Whately uses the same argument against high church pretensions. It will be sufficient on this point to quote his lucid and convincing reasoning.

"Among the important facts which we can collect and fully ascertain from the sacred historians, scanty and irregular and imperfect as are their records of particulars, one of the most important is, *that very scantiness* and incompleteness in the detail;—that absence of any full and systematic description of the formation and regulation of Christian communities, that has been just noticed. For we may plainly infer, from this very circumstance, the design of the Holy Spirit, that those details, concerning which no precise directions, accompanied with strict injunctions, are to be found in Scripture, were meant to be left to the regulation of each church, in each age and country. On any point in which it was designed that all Christians should be, every where, and at all times, bound as strictly as the Jews were to the Levitical law, we may fairly conclude they would have received directions no less precise, and descriptions no less minute, than had been afforded to the Jews.

"It has often occurred to my mind that the generality of even studious readers are apt, for want of sufficient reflection, to fail of drawing such important inferences as they often might, from the *omissions* occurring in any work they are perusing;—from its *not* containing such and such things relative to the subject treated of. There are many cases in which the non-insertion of some particulars which, under other circumstances, we might have calculated on meeting with, in a certain book, will be hardly less instructive than the things we do meet with.

And this is much more especially the case when we are studying works which we believe to have been composed under Divine guidance. For, in the case of mere human compositions, one may conceive an author to have left out some important circumstances, either through error of judgment or inadvertency, or from having written merely for the use of a particular class of readers in his own time and country, without any thought of what might be necessary information for persons at a distance and in after-ages; but we cannot, of course, attribute to any such causes omissions in the *inspired* writers. On no supposition whatever can we account for the omission, by all of them, of many points which they do omit, and of their scanty and slight mention of others, except by considering them as withheld by the express design and will (whether *communicated* to each of them or not) of their Heavenly Master, restraining them from committing to writing many things which, naturally, some or other of them, at least, would not have failed so to record.

"I have set forth accordingly, in a distinct treatise, these views respecting the *omissions* in the Sacred Books of the New Testament, and the important inferences thence to be deduced. We seek in vain there for many things which, humanly speaking, we should have most surely calculated on finding. 'No such thing is to be found in our Scriptures as a catechism, or regular *Elementary Introduction* to the Christian Religion; nor do they furnish us with anything of the nature of a Systematic Creed, set of Articles, Confession of Faith, or by whatever other name one may designate a regular, complete Compendium of Christian doctrines: nor, again, do they supply us with a Liturgy for ordinary public worship, or with forms for administering the Sacraments, or for conferring holy orders; nor do they even give any precise *directions* as to these and other ecclesiastical matters;—nothing that at all corresponds to a Rubric, or set of Canons.'

"Now these omissions present,—as I have, in that treatise, endeavored to show,—a complete moral demonstration that the Apostles and their followers must have been *supernaturally withheld* from recording a great part of the institutions, constructions, and regulations, which must, in point of fact, have proceeded from them;—withheld, *on purpose* that other churches, in other ages and regions, might not be led to consider themselves bound to adhere to several formularies, customs, and rules, that were of local and temporary appointment; but might be left to their own discretion in matters in which it seemed best to Divine wisdom that they should be so left."

IMMERSION FROM ABOVE.

Our estimable brother, Rev. Dr. Hague, in his glowing tribute to Dr. Judson says, "In our time the genius of enterprise, even among 'the sons of the church,' needs a new baptism from on high." To us this language is very significant. But we have queried what meaning it could convey to a Baptist, or in what sense a brother of that denomination can employ these terms. "Baptism," we are told, means "immersion," wherever it occurs in the New Testament. Now *immersion*, according to Webster, is "the act of *putting into* a fluid below the surface; the act of *plunging* into a fluid till covered." To *immerse* is "to *put under* water or other fluid; to *plunge*; to *dip*." The radical idea of immersion is not the application of a fluid to a body, but the application of a body to a fluid, so that it is covered. Now it is difficult to conceive how this can be done "from on high." It is easy to see how there can be affusion, whether by sprinkling or pouring "from above;" but how immersion can be from on high we leave for our brother to explain. Will he carry the interchange of terms boldly into this figure, and for baptism write immersion? or was there lurking in his mind a thought that after all baptism might be by pouring from "on high?" or did he use the word according to common usage, forgetful at the time of all niceties of denominational faith?

THE FREE COLORED POPULATION.

We have admitted on the first page an article concerning the free colored population of the United States, not because we are entirely satisfied with it, but that it may serve as a text for further comment on a subject of much interest to the philanthropist and the Christian. The fault with that article is its vagueness with respect to the statistics of the colored population and the remedies proposed for the relief of this class of citizens. In Philadelphia much pains has been taken to collect the economical and vital statistics of the people of color. The results of these inquiries are highly encouraging; they show that this class, instead of being a burden to the community are of pecuniary benefit, yielding by their industry to the wealth of the city *much more than they cost through pauperism and crime*. This is true notwithstanding the disabilities under which they labor with respect to means of employment, and their habitual depression by virtue of their connection with a servile race. The free people of color are generally supposed to be ignorant lazy, and worthless, an incumbrance to society. But such is not the fact. How seldom do we see a colored beggar in the streets? How many of this class are industrious, frugal, well-informed, and in every way respectable. In Philadelphia there are about 25,000 persons of color, including women and children. Their real estate is valued at about $600,000, and their taxes exceed $7,000. There is no inherent obstacle to their rising to the highest level of intelligence, comfort, and social and moral worth. They are kept down by prejudice. That prejudice has been fostered directly and indirectly by the Colonization Society, which makes the existence of it a sufficient means for expatriating the negro race. It has been strengthened also by selfish and cruel legislative enactments. But that prejudice can never be eradicated while slavery exists. To demand that the free colored population shall exhibit the highest capacity for freedom before their kinsmen are delivered from bondage, is to demand an impossibility. The very fact that some are slaves must continue to depress the free. Still much may be done to mitigate this prejudice by the exhibition of hopeful facts in the condition of the free colored people. With more leisure for the analysis of statistics, we hope to do this at another time.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

Some of our city contemporaries, following the data of the U. S. Census, give the subscription list of this journal at 5000. That *was* its list at the time the census was taken, fifteen months ago. But in this respect at least the census will be antiquated before it sees the light. The *net increase* of the subscription list of *The Independent*, deducting all stoppages, has been nearly 5000 since the census was taken; and its present list of paying subscribers is within a small fraction of TEN THOUSAND, of whom *Twelve Hundred* are ministers; its total circulation, including exchanges, is somewhat over that amount. We observe that the same authority makes the subscription list of the *Observer* 18,000, and that of the *Evangelist* 13,000; these estimates may now be above or below the mark, but our contemporaries can correct any error by showing the figures.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

We announced last week the meeting of the General Association of New York appointed for Wednesday, the 3d September, at 11 A.M., in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In behalf of that church we now give the further notice that on the morning of the day of meeting, a committee will be in attendance at the lecture-room of the church in Orange-street, to assign to guests their places of accommodation. The doors of our Brooklyn friends, and their hearts also, will be wide open. We hope for a full attendance of delegates, and especially that brethren from the interior of the State, and from its remotest corners, will be present to exchange sympathies and counsels with those of the sea-board. We trust also that the Congregational ministers of the State, and brethren of the churches generally—merchants and others visiting New York—will make their arrangements to participate in this fraternal Convocation. Brethren from other States also will be welcomed, whether as delegates or as visitors. It is desirable that in numbers and interest, the meeting should resemble similar convocations in New England.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

An arrangement has been made with the Fall River line of steamboats, (Bay State, Captain Brown, and Empire State, Captain Brayton, which leaves New York daily, Sundays excepted, at 5 o'clock, P.M.) by which persons who wish to attend the annual meeting of the American Board to convene at Portland, Me., on the 9th of September, can go from New York to Boston and return, at a reduced fare.

These boats are of the largest class, and passengers obtain a good night's rest, as they do not take the cars till morning. Tickets for the trip may be obtained of Mr. A. Merwin at the Missionary Rooms, 150 Nassau-street.

From Boston to Portland is 111 miles. Cars leave Boston at 7, a quarter after 12, and half past 4 P.M. Fare $2. A boat leaves every evening at 7. Fare $1. It is expected that an arrangement will also be made between Boston and Portland, so that the fare from New York to Portland and back, will not much exceed the usual charge one way.

Editorial Correspondence.

ANABASIS FROM ASSYRIA TO THE EUXINE.

QUARANTINE, TREBIZOND, July 7, 1851.

To the Editors of the Independent:—

DEAR BRETHREN:—Though the story in my last letter was so long, I was compelled to stop short without having said all that I had intended to say about the captivity and robbery which I suffered among the Kúrds. I revert to the subject now, for the sake of pointing out some of those special arrangements and interpositions of God's providence by which our deliverance was effected. Doubtless God is equally near to us, at all times, with his parental watchfulness, and is habitually recognized with a grateful sense of dependence, by every devout mind, as our constant guardian and upholder. Yet there is a law of our nature—and to disregard it, or reason ourselves out of it, were folly if not impiety—which in the hour of peril or of some extraordinary deliverance, compels us to feel as by an irrepressible instinct, that God himself *is* our only refuge, and gives us the liveliest sense of his presence and his care. I am quite sure then that every reader who was interested in the story of our danger and of our escape, as narrated in my last letter, will readily give me leave to complete the story now by just mentioning some of those providential arrangements—altogether beyond our wisdom or foresight—on which our lives depended.

1. We had been advised that on our arrival at Mosul the cheapest and best method would be to purchase horses for the remainder of our journey with the view of selling them at Trebizond. This we had confidently expected to do; but we found at Mosul that unless we were willing to pay an exorbitant price for the privilege of being in haste, the purchase of animals would take more time than I could then afford. Thus it fell out that instead of traveling with our own animals and with *rayah* servants to take care of them, we went into the mountains with Kúrdish muleteers who owned the animals that carried us and our luggage, and were at the same time accompanied by several other Kúrds who had attached themselves to our little caravan quite against our wishes. I doubt not that to this circumstance, which the world would pronounce entirely accidental, but which faith recognizes as the arrangement of God's kind providence, we owe our lives. Had the animals been *ours*, the prize would have been too tempting; and our escape from death would have been, so far as I can see, impossible. We were to have been murdered, as I have since learned, partly for the sake of a political effect, and as a sort of signal for a general rising in that region, auxiliary to the insurrection which the Turkish government is at this moment putting down by a war of extermination in a more northern district of Kúrdistan. But the robbers, having such an object in view, were the more unwilling to rob, or in any way to harm or offend, any of their own countrymen. Our muleteers, though at first we had not been without some reason to be displeased with them, had learned to think well of us, and had a strong pecuniary interest in our safety. The other Kúrds in our company had constantly treated us with much respect, and (strict Moslems as they were) had shown themselves ready to render us little kindnesses. Thus we had friends who were not without some influence over our captors; and we have reason to be sure that their influence was exerted in our favor, and helped to divide the counsels of the intended murderers.

2. To human view it was a mere accident—thoughtless men would say, it was an uncommonly lucky chance—that we did not pitch our tent when we stopped for the night at Biyeh. Logic and philosophy would say that our decision in that respect was as much determined by second causes, as the falling of a die on one side or another is determined by the force of gravitation acting in combination with the projectile force. Let me rather say that it was so ordered by the determination of God's kind and ever present care. Had we slept that night—as up to the moment of our halt we had expected—under the shelter of our tent, and with only our ordinary precautions against pilferers, we should have died there without knowing why or by whose hands we were murdered. But by spreading our beds on a roof—which we did only to save time and labor; and still more by employing one of the villagers to keep watch for us—which we did only because our property was more than ordinarily exposed to the pettiest kind of larceny, and we knew that our servants and muleteers as well as ourselves were more than ordinarily weary; we most unconsciously placed ourselves under the protection of the sacred laws of Kúrdish hospitality. The assassins who came to murder us while we slept, could not execute their purpose, and were compelled to wait for another opportunity.

3. Nor when we hired the old man to go with us as our guide from Biyeh to the next village on our way, had we any thought or suspicion of how much his presence could do for us. We took him only because we wanted some one to conduct us directly, and by the shortest route, to the agha on whom we were depending for protection. Had we taken the longer road which was proposed to us for the sake of avoiding the next village, we should have fallen into the hands of Khan Abdul and his hopeful sons. Had we pursued the direct road with nobody from Biyeh in our company, there would have been no parley at the pass where the assassins were waiting for us; but we should doubtless have been met there by a volley of rifle balls aimed at us from behind the rocks.

4. I mentioned, in my last letter, the act of vocal prayer in which we united after my servant, Khudhr, had informed us that the robbers were intending to kill us, and while we had sent him to demand for us an interview with the agha. I also mentioned that in that act of prayer, desiring not to attract attention, we made only the slightest change of posture and used only such a tone of voice as would be quite inaudible at any distance. Yet we were not unnoticed by those at the castle who were watching us. The question was put to Khudhr, "What are they doing?" He turned to look at us, and answered, "They are praying." "*How* do they pray?" was the next question. "They speak to God," was the answer. The effect on the superstitious minds of those barbarians was most perceptible. Had we prayed to saints or pictures—which is the Mohammedan idea of Christianity, their Moslem fanaticism would have been kindled into rage; but when they found that our way of worship was by speaking to God, it was immediately determined (though of all this, it will be remembered, we knew nothing till afterward), that we should not be killed without farther consideration. They evidently began to feel that men who "speak to God" might be dangerous men to meddle with. We prayed that God would divide their counsels and so sway their minds as to deliver us out of their hands. And—shall I hesitate to say it?—while we were yet speaking the prayer was answered. The mullah—for Melul agha, like a robber lord of the middle ages, has a mullah or chaplain of his own, who I presume serves also as his secretary—was of opinion that the right way was to take half of our property and send us away with the remainder. The agha's wife—a savage beauty with a stately and haughty air, and with features that would not be out of place on an imperial coin—was moved by something of a women's tenderness, perhaps also by something of superstitious fear, and entreated earnestly that we might not be harmed and that nothing might be taken from us. To her intercession it was owing that at the last moment, the arms that had been torn from our servants were all restored to them. The agha himself was evidently in perplexity. He did not know what to make of us—men with so little money and so many books and writings: for in addition to our Bibles, the guide-books and other books of the same sort, that were crowded into my trunk, were more volumes, I dare say, than he had ever seen before. He treated us with as much courtesy and respect as could possibly be reconciled with the operation of robbing us; no custom house officer ever tumbled about the things in my trunk with so polite a seeming of reluctance. If we were to remember him at all, he was obviously desirous to be remembered as having treated us in a very gentlemanly manner. Yet he was as obviously in fear of his followers who had expected the satisfaction of murdering us and of taking all we had. Long was the debate on the question what was to be done with us. On one side it was urged by the older and more prudent counsellors, that if we were killed the Sultan would be compelled to take exemplary vengeance. On the other hand the younger and more reckless, thirsting for our blood, maintained that if we were permitted to live there could be no security against our writing letters and making complaint to the powers at Stamboul. Thus their assembly was divided; and as the debate went on, while we—unable to understand a word of what they were saying—waited quietly for the result, their minds were so restrained and swayed, that in the end they were constrained to send us away unharmed. Let philosophy explain the matter as it may, I desire to acknowledge that it was God who delivered us out of the hands of them who were determined to take our lives.

When I closed my last letter, we were just setting out from Mosul for this place. There was a pleasant excitement in setting my face at last towards home, and in feeling that from that point my course would be, with "the star of empire," westward. At the same time there was not only something of sadness in parting from Christian friends with whom we had so long been familiar, and some of whom we were not likely ever more to meet in this world—but also something of discouragement in being compelled again to traverse, under that solstitial heat, the sultry plain of Assyria. We were still attended by my faithful and invaluable servant, whom since our adventures in Kúrdistan, I shall always remember with a sense of special obligation. We were also accompanied by Priest Michael (or Mihaiel) one of the Mosul Protestants—a highly intelligent man formerly a priest in the Chaldean (or Papal Nestorian) church. I found him a most agreeable and useful traveling companion. Indeed his aid was quite indispensable to me; for though my servant is quite at home in at least four of the languages of this polyglott country, his knowledge of English is very limited, and I was afraid to attempt so long a journey without a more competent interpreter. Priest Michael understands English perfectly and speaks it with much fluency and propriety. He was formerly associated in some way with Mr. Southgate, the American Episcopal missionary at Constantinople. At another time he was with Mr. Badger, the somewhat celebrated Puseyite emissary of the English Gospel Propagation Society. He has traveled extensively; some sixteen years ago he spent several months at Rome, having been sent thither, if I remember right, on some business relating to the Chaldean branch of the Roman Catholic Church. It is somewhat remarkable that with such a history, he is now a Protestant, and as I judge—a sincere and earnest Protestant, accepting the Gospel in its simplicity, and worshiping God through the only Mediator in spirit and in truth. Though he is now beginning to be past the prime of life, I trust there is yet work for him to do in spreading the knowledge of the truth.

It was already nearly sunset on Monday the 9th of June, when we crossed once more to the eastern bank of the Tigris, and leaving the ruins of Nineveh on the right, turned northward. After three hours we arrived at Priest Michael's native town, Tel Kéf, and spread our beds for a little sleep on the roof of his paternal house still occupied by a portion of his father's family. At 3 o'clock in the morning, we were already in motion again, improving the cool hours to hasten our progress over the sultry plain. On Wednesday, the third day after leaving Mosul, at the end of an eleven hours' march, commencing at midnight, we arrived at Zakko—a large town on the Khabúr (sometimes supposed to be related to the *Habor* of the Assyrian captivity, 2 Kings xvii. 6; 1 Chr. v. 26,) one of the most considerable branches of the Tigris. The next day, we traveled from 3 o'clock in the morning till 9; and having rested till near sunset we mounted our horses for a night march. On Thursday morning at an hour and a quarter after midnight we pitched our tent on the upper bank of the Tigris opposite Jezireh, where we rested through the remainder of the night and till the heat of the succeeding day was over.

At this halting place I had the privilege of becoming acquainted with Deacon Jeremiah (or Erimieh) one of the most valued and efficient helpers employed in connection with the Mosul station. The readers of the *Missionary Herald* are familiar with his name. He had been long absent from Mosul on a missionary tour among the villages, preaching with equal readiness in any of the three or four languages that are vernacular in that region; and now he was returning to make his report of what he had done and of what he had seen. Priest Michael happened to descry him far below us on the river's brink, and called him to our tent. He came leading his horse—a weary looking steed whose angular outline testified that he was far more familiar with hard work than with barley—and accompanied by Deacon Isaiah (Eséeh) who is employed by the missionaries as teacher in a village not far from Jezireh. I would give much for a daguerreotype picture of Deacon Jeremiah, or for any other method of exhibiting to others his form, features, complexion and costume, just as I see him at this moment "with my mind's eye." Figure to yourselves the ideal of a Methodist circuit rider with all the zeal and fervor of his sect, and with all the simplicity of a little child; or if your sectarian sympathies lead you another way, shape in your mind the picture of an ideal colporteur—such the most imaginative secretary or agent of the Tract Society would paint him; but instead of the pedlar's wagon, give him a lean gray horse with a patched and ragged Arab saddle; clothe him with a flowing oriental costume much the worse for wear; stain his expressive and honest face not black like an African's, nor yellow like a mulatto's nor copper-colored like an American Indian's, but with that peculiar swarthy hue which is seen in this climate upon features perfectly Caucasian, as if the most sunburnt complexion you ever saw upon the swarthiest white man had been raised to the second power; decorate him with an oriental beard which always looks much better in a picture than in a living specimen, and you have before you what you may take, if you please, for a representation of Shemmas (Deacon) Erimieh. He sat down in our tent, and talked for some time with us in English, which though broken was quite intelligible—wonderfully so when it is remembered that his acquaintance with our language is the fruit of only some three months' study under one of the missionaries at Oroomiah. He told me of the villages where he had preached, and how he had found people of all sorts ready to receive the truth,—Syrians, Chaldeans, "Armeni," (Armenians) and "Jacob's people," (Jacobites) indiscriminately, willing to hear and disposed to inquire. He had been at Mardin, where inquirers after truth are becoming somewhat numerous, and where the presence of a missionary, according to his report, is greatly needed. After an hour, perhaps, of conversation, we kneeled together, one of us offered prayer in English, he followed with an Arabic prayer uttered in fervent tones; and so we parted.

I do not intend to burthen your columns with a journal of our *anabasis* from Assyria to the Black Sea. What I have already written may serve to show how we traveled. For the first week our general direction was parallel to that of the Tigris; though we avoided the windings of the river sometimes by taking a straight line over the plain, and sometimes by scaling the mountains. At the end of the week, on the 14th of June, we encamped for the Sabbath on the left bank of the Tigris, just opposite a village where our rafts had been moored for the night on the 13th of May as we were descending the river with Mr. Williams and his family. Not far from that point we saw the last of the Tigris, and began to cross the great range of mountains from which it draws its tributary streams—the same range which we were crossing in our attempt to reach Oroomiah. Here too, as there, the mountains are inhabited by Kúrds, and the Kúrdish is the prevalent language. In this district, however, the Kúrds, though unmistakenly of the same race with the savages whom we had encountered farther south, have been so long subdued and disarmed that they are quiet subjects of the Turkish government. Our first day's journey from the Tigris brought us to Sert, a third-rate city, exhibiting so far as we saw, no traces of antiquity, but supposed by some geographers to occupy the site of the ancient Tigranocerta. On Thursday of that week, soon after sunrise, we arrived at Betlis and halted under the walls of a fine old castle, built I know not by whom or how long ago, but certainly built long before the Turks had established their empire, and now like everything else in this empire falling into ruin. Few places in Asia have charmed me more than Betlis. It is a city of gardens in a narrow winding valley—some of the houses built against the steep hill-sides—many of them embowered in fruit-trees. A wild stream of the most limpid water rushes along the valley, crossed here and there by stone bridges of not ungraceful architecture, and gives to the city its apparel of unfailing verdure. Our arrival produced some excitement among the Christian population connected with the Armenian church. They had lately received a rescript from their patriarch at Constantinople warning them against the Protestants; and the arrival of strangers in the European costume—an event of very unfrequent occurrence—put them upon inquiring, in all quarters, whether the Protestants had not come. Could I have spoken in any language intelligible to them, I think I might have made some good use of the curiosity about Protestantism which the patriarch's circular had awakened. One young man held a conversation of some length with Priest Michael. He had never read any Protestant books, having been told that there are some very bad words in them; and, indeed, he had never had the opportunity of examining for himself; but he seemed to be seriously inquiring after truth. I think that whenever any of our missionaries or of their native helpers shall visit Betlis, they will find him and some others like him ready to listen.

After passing Betlis we saw no more of the Kúrdish physiognomy, and heard no more of the Kúrdish language. We were now within the limits of ancient Armenia—the country into which Adrammelech and Sharezer the sons of Sennacherib escaped after they had murdered their father at Nineveh as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch his God; (2 Kings, xix. 37) the country too where the ark of Noah rested on the mountains, when the deluge had begun to abate, for in the Hebrew Bible the "Ararat" of Genesis and the "Armenia" of the book of Kings are one and the same. The absurd legend which represents the ark as having lodged on the highest peak of what we now call Mount Ararat—a frozen summit from which the inmates of the ark (human and bestial) could never have descended without a greater miracle than that which had placed them in so undesirable a position is of comparatively modern date. Armenia is just the country from which it might be supposed that the world, after such a catastrophe as the deluge, would begin to be repeopled. A great extent of table land, some thousands of feet above the sea, is irregularly divided by frequent ranges of mountains—some of the highest capped with perpetual snow, and others decorated with strips and patches of snow slowly melting after the summer solstice. Here and there a deep valley lies sheltered among the mountains. Through such valleys the two principal streams of the Euphrates, fed by the ever wasting yet never failing snows, rush toward the plain of Mesapotamia and the Persian Gulf. The head springs and upper streams of the Araxes or Jihón (supposed by some to be the Gihon of Eden) are supplied from the same snows, and descend from the same hights in the opposite direction to pour their waters into the Caspian Sea. Amid these green mountains and well watered plains and valleys the traveler from New England, just escaped from the burning plains of a more southern climate, finds a home feeling in the aspects of nature and in the cooling winds. Such a country needs only better civil institutions, and the new-creating influence of true Christianity, to make it another New England. I am told that on the principal route from Betlis to Erzrúm the villages are numerous and populous; but on the shorter route which I traveled, the country, though manifestly able to employ and reward the industry of a great population, seems almost emptied of its inhabitants.

I had expected to arrive at Erzrúm in about twenty days from Mosul, not counting the Sabbaths. But by extraordinary urgency I succeeded in reaching that ancient city on the 25th of June, the fifteenth traveling day of my journey. We were received with the kindest Christian hospitality at the house of Mr. Peabody, who is now the only missionary there,—his associate, Mr. Isaac Bliss, having just been compelled to relinquish his labors for the present on account of the prostration of his health, and having gone with his family to Trebizond. Erzrúm, as we descended toward it from the mountain on the south, presented a delightful prospect. The plain in which it is situated, more than thirty miles long and in some parts fifteen or twenty miles broad, is elevated 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by mountains on which the snow is visible in almost every direction even at midsummer. Of course the temperature, summer and winter, is more like that of Vermont than like that which we usually ascribe to every part of Turkey. Watered by the Karason, or western Euphrates it is far better cultivated than most parts of this empire; and as I first saw it I was reminded of the Farmington valley in Connecticut. In this country, however, the distant view—whether of city or of cultivated plain—is always the most enchanting; come nearer, see what oppression has done, see the indications of poverty and barbarism, see how a barbarizing goverament has spread desolation over a land for which nature has done so much,—and the enchantment is gone. But Erzrúm, if not enchanting on a nearer view, is exceedingly curious. I had been struck with the honest, German physiognomy of the Armenians from my first entrance into their country; they seemed to me like a Teutonic rather than an Oriental race. The same thought had impressed me in my acquaintance with the Armenians at Aintab, and also at Diarbekr. And now entering this ancient Armenian city, I was equally struck with its resemblance to my idea of an old and decaying German town—so very unlike is it to the Arab or Saracen cities of Syria and Mesopotamia. I have never been in Germany, and my idea of an old German city may be very unlike the reality; but many of the streets and houses in Erzrúm seemed like the original of prints which I have often seen representing I know not what picturesque localities which Germany has preserved unchanged from the period of the middle ages.

[*Remainder next week.*]

INLAND VS. SEASHORE.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., August 16, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER STORRS:—Your first letter from Newport was pleasant to read. I rejoiced in your pleasures but was quite atoused by your *heresies*; I do not mean any unsoundness of *faith*, but of *taste*. Do you not set forth the joys of a fashionable and crowded watering place in terms that would draw thither a very recluse? I take up arms for the true country; the pure and undefiled place of Nature!

Pray tell me whether there is in Newport such a thing as *quiet*? How many people have you there, every one on the search for amusement? Do you get rid of noise, or crowds, or excitements? You only exchange hot and dusty excitement, for excitements with sea breezes. Can you find a place out of doors to be alone in for half an hour? You cannot go out of doors without meeting somebody. Somebody is liable to be acquainted with you at every turn. Something is always "a going on" in town. You are as much in society and as little with nature as if in the old, thundering city.

But here, is the profoundest peace. The clouds in the air are hardly more alone than we. We have the plenitude of nature in some of her loveliest aspects, and it requires an effort for us to get into company or noise as great as for you to get out of them. A man may sink down within himself in the profoundest meditation. Nobody calls to see you. Nobody knows that you are here. You float, like a mote in sunbeams, where you will, up or down, hither or thither, without contact and in silence. Early in the morning, from four to five, the birds say their matins,—(Alas! Jenny Lind, you would be no bird here!) The stalwart lord of the barn-yard starts up and challenges a hundred other cocks and cockerels of each degree. Then come the obstreperous children and coaxing nurses. These noises over you have had the last of it. Nothing else makes a noise in this village.

Indeed, this is quite a wonder of a village to all who love quiet and beautiful prospect. Its like I do not know anywhere. It is a miniature Mount Holyoke, and its prospect the Connecticut Valley in miniature. It is placidly spread upon a hill-top so high up that dust, sound, and insects have forsaken it, or never found their way hither. It is marvelous how a village can exist without any apparent trades. But as far as I can perceive, there are no occupations here of any sort. There is a blacksmith's shop, which never makes a noise, and that is all. No carpenter's shop, nor cabinet maker's, or turner's; no hatters, saddlers, watchmaker or shoemaker, that I can see. No houses are building; we hear no trowel clinking, or muffled hammer-stroke; there is no mortar making—no piles of brick or lumber. The town was *finished* long ago: and all workmen of every sort seem to have gone off and left dear old Woodstock all to itself. Even travelers leave our solitude unbroken. There is no tavern on the street; and the two little, tranquil stores might plant corn up to their very door steps without much fear of its being trodden down. Once in a while, toward evening, a farmer's wagon skirts along the edge of the green. But such a sight brings us to the windows. Some twenty houses, white and yard-enclosed, stand modestly apart, and back from the long, broad village green which they enclose but do not shut in. This village green is neither a circle, square, parallelogram, or polygon, but a space sloping chiefly from north to south, and in some places eastward and westward, with no shape at all, but coming nearer than to anything else to the form of an elongated flat-iron. For a long time, seeing no people in the street, no one going in or coming out of the doors, no persons in the window, or even smoke in the chimneys, neither babes, boys or maidens being anywhere discernible, I supposed, for the first week, that only old people lived here,—nice, tidy, quiet old people, such as I saw, on Sundays, keeping themselves awake in church by nibbling fennel or caraway. I was mistaken. Familiarity has enabled me to detect signs of life in all its varieties. But the habit of the place is to be quiet.

The air here breathes as if it were iced sherbet. You have a distinct luxury in each particular breath. The sun, that rages in the valleys below, and wilts down the crowds in the sweltering cities, here walks in cool brightness through the heavens, tempering the air to that delicious point when the chill is lost but heat has not begun. *Your* coolness is all imported. You are hot in that pent up, narrow-streeted, racketty Newport, and cooled only by the sea-breeze. Coolness is a thing inserted. But here it is indigenous. It belongs to the very texture of the air. You may have the seashore; waves and surf; storms once in a while; bathing and fishing—all, except the last, boisterous. Besides, you have the buzzing enthusiasm of thousands around you. Your pulse never gets down, your eye never cools. Why my dear fellow, you see persons from the city every day! You get the papers the very day of their publication! Do you call that the country?

As for me, if I please to bathe I have a little lake down yonder, soon to be described, just now without a ripple on its surface—a falling insect here and there dimples it, and a fish, in taking in the petty Jonah, increases the dimple to a circlet. When, wading on the silver sand, I at length have depth to plunge, the ripple runs half across to yonder shore. Fishing? yes, I go down with great possessions of various tackle, but the perch are small and pickerel scarce, and pout only go out at dusk; so that one forgets his line, and falls off into a dream, or rows about the tranquil river, along the fringe of bushes, then among lily-pads, then toward the mouth of the *inlet*, then along the shaded edge, where deep, dark pine woods forever murmur. Now and then a fish leaps up and falls back with a plash. Or your oar poised for a second, sheds musical pearls into the pure lake, or the cracking of sticks tells you that a cow breaks through the thicket to drink—two cows evidently in the water, one drinking upward and the other downward, lip to lip! These are our bathings and fishings. By the way, those white pond-lilies! Is there an other flower, its adjuncts also considered, so exquisitely beautiful. The rare form of its elongated cup, the interior coronet of stamens and pistils, delicately gold-colored, the green and pink-edged sepals, its delicious fragrance, make it a very queen. Then it chooses some nook or bay along the lake's edge, spreads out its large shield-like leaf, and floats its snow-white blossom on the surface. Flowers growing from the soil are full beautiful, but flowers growing out of crystal water are beyond all words of beauty.

In the morning, look out eastward. A vale with every conceivable undulation stretches full thirty miles from north to south. It lies almost under you. It is so near that you see the farm-houses, the orchards, the groups of trees, the corn-fields, the yellow rye, and the now half-ripe oats. It is not an even, level valley, but a collection of wide swells or rolls of land setting in on the north, and but half commingling when they reach the lake right over opposite to us. Indeed so broken and stony are the features, that it would not be a valley at all if it were not for the hills that shut it in on either side. And these hills are made up of multitudes of little hills piled together in every way that is beautiful. The little stream that finds its way through the valley among mounds and rounds and hillocks, seems uncertain of its way, and oats trees and bushes along its banks, for fear of forgetting where to flow. The brook has fairly reflected itself in the air—for see that film of silver mist, this as gauze, hanging above the stream, clear down to the lake!

Oh see the lake—or rather see its robes of mist that hide it! The sun is at them. They are wreathing, moving, lifting up

merican Board among the Greeks, when he
d long and faithfully until his return in
since which time he has acted as tempo-
astor for various churches at home, leaving
d him everywhere the savor of a holy man.
ed at his native place, on Saturday, the 9th
t.

funeral was attended at 2 P. M., on the
Wednesday, by a large concourse, including
of the ministers in the immediate vicinity,
he Secretaries of the American Board. The
luctory services were performed by Rev. E.
lark, the pastor of the church, and the ser-
was preached by Rev. William Goodell, of
rmenian Mission, who, by a singularly kind
idence, after having been for nine years as-
ted with the deceased in preparation for the
stry, (during *seven* of which he was a room-
with him), and having been a co-laborer
him in his foreign service, was permitted to
e in time to close his eyes, and pronounce
eulogy. The discourse was founded on
4: 9,—"*There remaineth therefore a rest for
eople of God*;" and is described as having
steeped in the spirit of Heaven itself. Mr.
ell characterized his departed friend as hav-
lived for forty years just on the confines of
dise, and remarked that his prayers upon his
bed all ended in praise.
he prayer following the sermon was offered
most fervent and affecting manner by Rev.
Storrs, of Braintree.

REV. WILLIAM M. ROGERS.

ev. William Matticks Rogers was born on
sland of Alderney—one of a group in the
ish Channel, nigh to France, but appertaining
he British Crown—on the 10th of September,
6. His father was a petty officer in the Royal
y, and won a medal under Nelson, at the
le of the Nile. His mother, whose mental
physical qualities he peculiarly inherited,
s a member of the Church of England, and
s also a Wesleyan Methodist, being one of the
t on the island who adopted the views of
sley. She died when her son—baptized under
name of Samuel Matticks Ellen Kettell—was
y two years old. She had prayed for him
e Hannah, and like her she had called her son
muel, and dedicated his life from its very be-
ning unto God. And when departing, she
mmitted him to the hands of a sister of like
ther with his contingent relations. Ere he
t, to be by her sent to America to be educated
her brother here for the Christian ministry.
At the age of ten Samuel was taken from
derney to London, and committed to the charge
Capt. Tracy, who brought him to this country
d placed him in the care of the uncle referred
—Capt. William M. Rogers of Dorchester—by
om he was educated, and whose name he
terwards assumed. When 15 years old he was
nt to Phillip's Academy at Andover for the
ining necessary to enter College. It was while
Andover that he became the hopeful subject of
newing grace, and united himself to Rev. Dr.
odman's church in Dorchester. In 1823 he en-
red Harvard University, where, during his first
o years, he was distinguished as a scholar.
he last two years he applied to a course of study
d reading which was not strictly collegiate, and
owered his rank upon the books of the Faculty,
ough his commencement appointment indicated
highly respectable standing. On graduation,
e applied himself to the work of preparation for
e ministry, in connection with the seminary at
ndover, where he graduated with honor in 1830.
e was immediately ordained pastor of the Con-
regational Church in Townsend, Mass; and at
is own request, after the reluctant consent of
e council, his pastorship was limited to the
rm of five years. In 1835, at the close of this
eriod, he came under the notice of the Commit-
e of the Franklin Street Society, which had
st been formed in this city, and was soon in-
uced to become the pastor of the church with
hich the remainder of his life has been identi-
ed. For some time he preached in the Federal
treet Theater, then known as the "Odeon," un-
il the rapid growth which followed God's bless-
ng upon his unceasing and eloquent labor enca-
ined his society, in 1841, to build their beautiful
nd spacious house in Winter-street, where they
emoved, under the name of the "Central
hurch."
A few years since, his health became impaired
y the drafts made upon his strength by his
reat congregation; and, at his request, a col-
eague (Rev. George Richards,) was ordained to
assist him; and he spent nearly twelve months
broad on the continent, and in Egypt and Pales-
ine. The stock of strength which he brought
ack, was diminished by new and unexpected
rafts upon his time and sensibilities. While at
Townsend, he had married a daughter of Judge
Strong, of Leominster; and a short time after his
eturn he was called to part with her, and an in-
ant child, which quickly followed her to the
grave. He was thus left in sole guardianship of
a son and a daughter. And within the two or
three last years, those kind friends who, in their
days of strength, were as father and mother to
his orphanage, were thrown, in age and feeble-
ness, and distraction of mind, upon his generous
care. Finding his health again failing, under
these accumulated anxieties, a few weeks ago he
again asked the people of his charge to relieve
him from his responsibility among them; but in
answer to their earnest desire, he withdrew his
request, and consented to another partition of
labor with his colleague, which promised some-
thing of the relief he sought. But here a new
stroke suddenly spoke in these councils. Paraly-
sis took the place of energy, imbecility the place
of wisdom, and death the place of life. After
lingering a few days, he breathed his last in the
house of his uncle, at Dorchester, where he had
spent his few last years, at noon of Monday, the
11th inst.
His funeral obsequies were attended at the
Central Church on Wednesday, at 11 A.M. The
house was crowded in every part, and the sym-
bols of sorrow which it minutely displayed were
reflected in the sad countenances and tearful eyes
of hundreds who felt that they had listened to a
beloved voice for the last time in the flesh. The
exercises were opened with prayer, and the read
ing of a selection of texts from the Scriptures by
Rev. Dr. Blagden. The hymn "Peace! 'tis Je-
hovah's hand," &c., was then read by Rev. Mr.
Lord, formerly of the Seaman's church in this
city, the singing of which was followed by a
most solemn and affecting prayer by Rev. Mr.
Stearns, of Cambridgeport, to whose fraternal
guardianship, it is understood that the deceased
had confided one of the orphans he left behind.
The chant "Lord! thou hast been our dwelling-
place in all generations" was then sung; after
which Rev. Mr. Richards preached the funeral
discourse from the 42d verse of the 26th of Mat-
thew, "*Thy will be done.*"
The doctrine of the text—of which the sermon
briefly treated, was the duty of submission to the
will of God; to a will which is sometimes to be
done, and sometimes to be *borne*. The speaker
followed his few, yet forcible and appropriate,
remarks upon the voice of the text, and the voice
of Providence, with a sketch of the incidents in
the life of Mr. Rogers, and a graphic and truth-
ful analysis of his character.
His intellectual character was strongly mark-
ed. His mind was eminently practical. He was
unskilled in polemics and averse to abstractions,
but he grasped the everyday affairs of life with a
master's hand. He was serious and humorous,
fond of manly sports, full of strong impulse and
original thought. He was open and frank, quick
to feel but generous to forgive. His mind, the
speaker thought to be distinguished by that
rarest of rare qualities—*wisdom*. Of his intel-
lectual faculties, Imagination was preëminent.
His religious character was also described as
full of depth, sincerity and stable piety.
As a preacher, we may add, he has left no
man behind him in the city of Boston who has
so strong a hold upon his congregation by real
eloquence, as he. And though, as in his recent
"Union" discourse, we cannot but think he
sometimes allowed some of the finest impulses of
his nature to run away with his better judgment,
the ministry must feel that they have reason to
humble themselves before God for that he has
aken from them a strong man, a good man, and
a brother beloved.

CROMWELL.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Union Congregational Church have leased the Universalist Church in Fourth-street, for morning and evening service, having before them the choice of purchasing that church or building a new one, for which they had chosen committees. The first meetings in the new house will be held next Sabbath. Preaching by Rev. J. B. Grinnell. This Church is located in a neighborhood where it is much needed, and it now promises to have a rapid and vigorous growth.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The monthly meeting of the Board was held on Thursday last, P. Perit, Esq., in the chair, the Scriptures read by the Rev. Dr. Ferris. Important letters were read in relation to Bible distribution, calls from foreign countries, from Texas, California, Oregon, the Ojibwa mission, from South America, London, France, Russia, Constantinople, India, and China. Portions of these letters will soon be published in the Bible Society Record, and will show that our favored countrymen must gird themselves for a great work in giving the Bible to the nations. Numerous grants of the Scriptures were made, and appropriations of more than $7,000 made towards publishing them abroad. Six new societies were recognized as auxiliary.

ASSOCIATION OF CENTRAL ILLINOIS.—An Association of ministers modeled after the fashion of similar bodies in New England, has recently been organized by a meeting of ministers gathered at Jacksonville during Commencement week. During the last year five Congregational ministers have been settled within twenty-five miles of Jacksonville, and the frequent inconvenience of crossing the Illinois river to meet with the Association with which these churches have connected themselves heretofore, renders desirable a new body on this side. A conference of churches is invited to assemble a day later than the Association, by which it is hoped to strengthen the ties of brotherly feeling and develop a deeper and more active piety among the Christians gathered and represented at these meetings. The first meeting will be held in October, and we expect in due time reports of whatever will interest the readers of *The Independent*.

MILWAUKEE DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The annual meeting was held at Waukegan, Ill., June 24, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. Dr. Adams of Brunswick, Maine. Members present, 18 ministers, 11 delegates. The First Presbyterian Church in Milwaukee gave notice that it had separated from the Convention to unite in the formation of a presbytery; to which the Convention replied, expressing regret that a relation which had been formed by the act of both parties should have been dissolved by act of the church alone.

Rev. T. M. Hopkins of Racine, asked for and received a letter of dismission from this body to the Milwaukee Presbytery.

The following churches were received into the Convention: The Congregational church at Wilmot; the Welch church at Racine; Welch church at Pike Grove; Congregational church at Two Rivers; and the Presbyterian church at Manitoc.

The following ministers united with the Convention: Rev. S. H. Thompson, from the Beloit Convention, and Rev. John Parry, of the Welch church.

The following paper, presented by Rev. H. Lyman, after discussion was adopted:

"This Convention, though it has frequently testified against slavery, and though at this time is fully occupied, cannot consent to be so much in haste as to forget their poor brethren in bonds; nor so well satisfied with past action, as to restrain our present utterance.

"We would solemnly renew our testimony against slavery, as a sin, as a whole, and in all its details. We will testify and pray against it; we will disfellowship all who practice, and all who defend it; we will repudiate any man, or any Association, whose influence is to extend, or even countenance it. We will rejoice in all laws that restrain or stifle slavery, and weep over all laws that defend and strengthen it; while we will not be unduly faulty to all civil laws subordinated to the laws of God."

MR. GIDDINGS AND THE N. S. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—At an Anti-Slavery meeting held in Geauga county, Ohio, on the 4th instant, Mr. Giddings was present, and publicy announced that he had withdrawn from the N. S. Presbyterian Church on account of slavery.—*Puritan Recorder*.

We presume the *Recorder* did not originate this story, but they have made it their own by relying on others, who on subjects of this nature are never worthy of trust. The Ashtabula *Sentinel*, published at the place of Mr. Giddings's residence, not only denies in express terms that Mr. Giddings has withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church, but denies the existence of any such meeting as is referred to. It also says that at a meeting of the Grand River Presbytery, Mr. G. strenuously opposed a motion for the withdrawment of the Presbytery from the *Assembly*, on the ground that the western presbyteries had not yet done their whole duty to the southern churches:

"He insisted that it was the duty of the Presbytery to make another effort to separate the church at large from those who buy and sell the image of God before they should withdraw from the General Assembly. But we have yet to learn that Mr. Giddings or any member of the Presbytery has at any time proposed or thought of withdrawing from the *Church*."

Rev. Norman Ackley, a member of the Jackson Association, was DEPOSED from the Gospel ministry by an Ecclesiastical Council convened on the 12th inst, at Howell, Mich., on charges of lying, dishonesty, and unchaste conduct.—COM.

OREGON.—The Watchman and Evangelist says that there are three Cumberland Presbyterian ministers laboring in Oregon, and that several others are on their way thither.

CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES FORMED.—At a meeting of ministers and members of Congregational churches held at Centre Lisle, N.Y., June 4, 1851, after prayer and consultation, it was unanimously resolved, that it is expedient to form a conference of churches, which shall hold stated meetings for the purpose of devotion, exhortation, consultation respecting the general interests of religion in these churches, and the promotion of the great objects of Christian benevolence. The undersigned were appointed a committee to present the subject to the attention of the churches, and invite those that are so disposed, to unite with us in carrying it into effect. It is our firm belief that such a conference, conducted after this manner, extensively prevalent among the Congregational churches of New England, will tend greatly to promote our mutual fellowship, our stability, purity, growth in knowledge, and in grace, and our benevolent activity for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in the world.

The following was agreed upon as the Constitution of the Susquehanna Conference of Congregational Churches.

ART. I. The object of this conference shall be to promote experimental piety and active Christian benevolence, particularly Sabbath School and Bible class instruction; Foreign and Home Missions; the Bible and Tract cause, and such other objects of Christian effort as the conference may from time to time adopt—and disclaiming all legislation and judicial jurisdiction with the rights and independence of individual churches of Jesus Christ—it shall, by cultivating a spirit of fellowship and coöperation with all, seek to aid in giving universal triumph to the Gospel.

ART. II. Congregational ministers, and ministers of Congregational churches, who shall subscribe this constitution; also churches, who shall vote to unite with this conference, and approve and aid its objects and support delegates to its meetings, shall be members of the same. Each church may appoint three delegates.

ART. III. (1) At each meeting a Moderator and Scribe shall be chosen for the occasion. The other officers shall be a Register and a Business Committee of three, to act in their duties—in connection with the minister of the church where the conference is held. These last officers shall be chosen at the annual meeting, and shall hold their offices until others are chosen. (2) The Scribe shall keep accurate minutes of each meeting, and deliver the same, when approved by conference to the Register. (3) The Register shall keep a book of records of all the doings of the conference; call the meeting to order; call the roll of members and preside till the choice of a Moderator. (4) The Business Committee shall arrange and report the order of business at each meeting; present objects for the consideration of conference; appoint special meetings on the application of any church asking the same, if they shall deem it advisable; and in conjunction with the other officers appoint preachers and reporters, on subjects coming before the meeting.

ART. IV. The annual meeting of conference shall be on the third Tuesday in August. Other meetings may be held on the request of any church, as often as shall be deemed desirable.

ART. V. Amendments to this constitution may be made by vote of two-thirds of the ministers and delegates present at any regular meeting.

We recommend this constitution, and especially the great ends it contemplates, to the special and prayerful consideration of the ministers and churches located upon and near the Susquehanna and its tributaries, and request those, that approve of the plan, to unite in this conference in the manner specified in the constitution. The first meeting of the conference is appointed to be held at Union Centre, on the third Tuesday of August next, at 2 o'clock P. M. The exercises will consist chiefly of reports on the state of religion in the churches—consultation in respect to suitable measures for its advancement, and addresses on behalf of different objects of Christian benevolence, together with preaching and devotional exercises.

A. D. FRENCH,
R. S. EGGLESTON,
W. M. BEMENT.
} Committee.

July 1, 1851.

To the Public.

Office of the Association for the Suppression of Gambling,
24 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

The New York Association for the Suppression of Gambling has been in active operation for little more than a year.

It is no longer a mere experiment, but justly stands forward to claim its appropriate place among the benevolent, reformatory agencies of the day. Its success, thus far, prompts us alike to gratitude for the past, and renewed resolution and energy for the future.

The field of our operations is opening, however, more widely, as facts are made known relative to the extent of the crimes and miseries we seek to prevent.

The recent enactment of a "Law for the more effectual suppression of Gambling," which cost the association much labor and not a little money, has, in consequence of the lamentable inefficiency of the sworn administrators of justice, given us much work to do. It will require a manly struggle and the liberal expenditure of funds to finish that work. At this moment there are demands upon our resources, which, from their number and magnitude, we are incompetent to meet with our limited means, and so put them aside.

In our efforts hitherto we have been sustained by the coöperation and contributions of merchants in this city; and they will doubtless continue to lend their valuable aid, for they are well aware that their interest is deeply involved in the success or failure of our enterprise. But there are hundreds of merchants, and other philanthropic citizens, to whom our collector has made no application, who lack neither the means nor the inclination to put the Association in possession of all needful funds to urge the contest with vigor and success. It is in the hope of reaching these, by the shortest and most direct means, that we make the public appeal.

A few hundred dollars spent, just at the present crisis, in the dissemination of facts and in the legal suppression of gambling, will bring back a rich return in moral as well as pecuniary improvement to the city and State, and ultimately to the nation.

Let all, whose eye this appeal has met, be constrained to place this Institution on their lists of benevolent agencies, and, according as God has blessed them with the ability, lend their personal and pecuniary assistance.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a donation of $20, from a lady in this city, and another of $50 from a gentleman, both sent in unsolicited.

Similar favors will be welcomed at all times.

We earnestly solicit the contributions of all who deprecate gambling as a snare to the young and unsuspecting, or as an ingenious system of scientific swindling upon the public, and we beg their coöperation, in all lawful measures adapted to its suppression, whether by moral suasion or legal prohibition.

Impunity has been too long conceded to outlawed sporting-men. They have grown rich and influential, till it is not an easy task to check their high-handed violations of law.

They have so long been winked at by high and low public functionaries, that they will not leave preying upon society till they see that the friends of law and order *mean* something; when that hour arrives they will be found as wanting in courage as in character, and be seen moving off in crowds to some place where a less severe embargo is laid on their illicit trade.

Give us your money in such sums as enlightened benevolence may dictate; your sympathies and prayers, without stint or limitation; and your coöperation and countenance, for the good cause, and the doom of public gaming-houses and policy-shops is written and sealed.

Already hundreds of petty gambling-houses have been shut; several of the larger houses have closed, as their patrons say "*temporarily*," intending to open anew when—an event not likely soon to happen—the public eye is diverted by other scenes. But while we rejoice at what has been done, we must be ever active and vigilant to save our reformers, sons and friends, from being ensnared, depraved or robbed.

We throw the responsibility of sustaining the Association for the Suppression of Gambling upon those to whom God has given the ability, viz: the respectable, virtuous, and Christian public.

Money can be sent to the Treasurer of the Association, Joseph B. Collins, Esq., 35 Wall street, N. Y., or to Lucian Burleigh, Corresponding Secretary and Financial Agent at 24 Beekman street, or paid to Mr. Leonard Bleecker, our Collector.

By order and in behalf of the Executive Committee,

LUCIAN BURLEIGH,
Corresponding Secretary of Asso. Sup. Gambling.

METHODIST PROTESTANTS.—A convention for three days was lately held in Washington, by ministers and laymen of this connection, in favor of the independence of the churches, and their right of choosing their own pastors, by voluntary agreement against the arbitrary power of appointment and removal by the conference. They declare their continued sympathy and coöperation with the Methodist Protestant denomination, especially in their educational and missionary measures, they only assuming the right to govern themselves. Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., of Baltimore, and the eloquent Thomas H. Stockton, are prominent in this movement.

Bishop Payne, accompanied by Rev. R. Nelson, will soon embark for Cape Palmas mission, Africa. That mission has one hundred communicants, half of whom are natives.

COLLEGES.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The baccalaureate sermon to the senior class in this college, was delivered by Rev. D. N. Sheldon, President, in the Baptist church Sabbath evening, Aug. 10. It was a thoroughly reasoned and lucid discourse from Gen. 1: 27—on the image of God in man. After a compact argument in proof that the image of God consists in natural attributes, and not in created holiness, President S. stated as the elements of it, reason—the moral powers, and the faculty of choice with the motive forces connected therewith. The subject was treated in the way of a plain and convincing analysis, and followed by three practical remarks—(1) on the dignity of speculative studies, (2) on the importance of moral studies being concomitant and keeping pace with intellectual, and (3) on the place Christianity should hold in a system of education. A large and interested audience were present.

Tuesday evening, a brilliant oration was delivered before the Literary Societies by Rev. Henry Giles. The subject was "*Spirituality and Culture*," considered under three aspects—their relations to God, to Man, and to Duty. The cardinal fault of the oration was an omission to define spirituality, and a vague and shifting use of the term. The misty passages, however, often broke into a clear sparkle of thought, and rose—with a sustained and nervous diction into bursts of fire and thrilling power. Under the second head there was a noble assertion of the humane spirit of literature. The statement—"we have no accepted orations of celebrated men which glorify the slave markets."—"brought down the house." There was also a fine passage on conscience and the higher law under the third head. Mr. Giles has lately suffered much from a severe paralytic shock, and was brought into the house and pronounced his oration in a chair,—a circumstance which added not a little to the interest of the occasion. The fine enthusiasm of his manner at times broke entirely over the disadvantages of his position. A Poem on 'Discontent' was recited by Wm. W. Rodman, Esq., of Providence, R. I.

The commencement exercises were very creditable to the young men, and to the college, and were as follows—Orations, 1. 'The Aristocracy of Talent,' J. S. Emery, Industry. 2. 'Prerogative and Privilege,' T. B. Buck, Oldtown. 3. 'Relations of the Past to the Present,' G. H. Carpenter, Guilford, Vt. 4. 'Reforms and Reformers,' B. Pease, Parsonsfield. 5. 'The Popular Orator a Logician,' T. H. Narnsey, Bangor. 6. 'Connection between Nature and History,' W. G. Lord, Hiram. 7. 'Abuses of Criticism,' J. Gamble, Limeus. 8. 'Progress of Mediæval Society,' A. B. Clark, New Sharon.

The Bath Brass Band "discoursed" the music for the occasion. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. Adam Wilson, and that of L.L.D. upon Dr. J. Hubbard of Hallowell, Governor of the State.

At the commencement dinner there were speeches by Gov. Hubbard and others. G. F. M.

AMHERST COLLEGE, MASS. — Commencement August 14th. Graduates 40. Seven honorary A.M. The honorary D.D.; bestowed upon Rev. Joseph Sylvester Clapp, and upon Rev. Joseph Vaill, of Somers, Ct. Edwin Lankester, Professor in the College of London, England, was made LL.D. Literary addresses by Prof. H. B. Smith, of Union Seminary, and Rev. H. W. Beecher, Prof. Shed, of Vermont, and Rev. Dr. Bond, of Norwich. The deaths among the alumni in three years have been 25 (averaging 9⅓) of whom 13 were ministers, 3 preparing for the ministry, 3 for missionaries, 4 were tutors, 1 a professor, and 1 a teacher.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.—Five students received certificates of proficiency, and three the degree of LL.B. The degree of D.D. conferred on Rev. Prof. M. T. C. Wing, of Kenyon College, and Rev. John Payne, missionary bishop for Africa.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H.—Commencement, July 31. Graduates, 43. M.D. 16. D.D. conferred on Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, of Concord, and Jonathan French, of Northampton, N. H. LL.D. on Gov. Dinsmore, of N. H., and Judge Milo L. Bennett, of Vt. Abiel Chandler's legacy of $50,000 to found a Scientific Department was accepted.

ST. JAMES COLLEGE, (EPIS.) HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Commencement, July 31. Graduates, 8. Literary addresses by Senator Pearce and Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg. D.D., on Prof. William Adams, of Nashotah, Wisconsin.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.—Commencement July 21. Graduates, 20. Honorary D.D. Rev. E. Harrison Cressy, of Tennessee Literary address by Judge Woodbury.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, OHIO.—Graduates, 5. D.D. conferred on Rev. Clarke T. Hinman, of Michigan.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT. — Commencement August 6. Addresses to various societies, by Rev. Henry Neill, of Lenox, Hon. F. H. Allen, Mr. E. P. Whipple, of Boston, and poem by Rev. John Pierpont. Graduates, 19. LL.D. on William C. Bradley, of Westminster, and Charles D. Day, of Canada. D.D. on Rev. Frederic A. Ross, of E. Tennessee, and Prof. Henry B. Smith, of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.—At the late commencement, the degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. William Norwood, of the Episcopal Church, Virginia.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, VA.—Graduates 13. The honorary D.D. conferred on Rev. Joseph Smith of the Second Church, Baltimore; Rev. J. S. Armistead of Cumberland, and Rev. Wm. S. White of Lexington, Va. The college is said to be rising, having a better faculty than it has had for twenty years, and an increasing number of students.

WABASH COLLEGE, IND.—Commencement July 27. Graduates 7. The trustees have established a Normal School, the object of which is the thorough preparation of common school teachers. Instruction in this department will be given by Profs. Mills, Hovey, and Campbell. The course of study is laid out to occupy three years. The charges for boarding and tuition will be low.

M'KENDREE COLLEGE, ILL.—At the late commencement, Rev. A. W. Cummings was inaugurated President; three young men received the degree of Bachelor of Science, and four that of A.B.; and the honorary D.D. was conferred on Rev. D. P. Kidder, of the Book Room of New York. Rev. James Seaton, editor of the Illinois Ch. Advocate, is elected to the chair of Natural Science, and Dr. D. Alexander of Vt., to the chair of Mathematics. The new college edifice is completed, and ample accommodations are now afforded for three hundred students.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF CONNECTICUT.—The anniversary was held at East Windsor, August 7. Address before the Nettleton Rhetorical Society by Pro. Shepard, of Bangor. Rev. Nahum Gale was inaugurated as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Duty. Dissertations by 11 students. The Pastoral Union approved the resolution of the trustees to connect with the Theological Seminary a classical school or Academy, of high order and strictly religious character.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—At the recent anniversary the Professor told his two graduating pupils that the field before them, even in that peninsula, presented *fifty* destitute churches for each of them. A subscription of $10,000 is nearly completed.

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MAINE.—The annual examination of this efficient institution is spoken of with high approval by the committee. Graduates 10. Library 9,000.

The seminary has received from the Waldo family, in all, $24,000. The recent effort to raise $34,000 has been in part successful, $26,000 having been pledged. A new building for chapel, professors, and the library, is much needed, at a cost of $10,000. Rev. John Cotton Smith, of this city, says he can get it 35, less than the average number, and less than it was a year ago, a fact which applies to theological seminaries generally throughout the country.

YALE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—We regret to learn that the marble bust of Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., the venerable head of this school, which had been procured in Italy by the subscription of his alumni, to be presented to the college library, has been lost at sea; but another copy has been ordered from the same mold, which was preserved.

BAPTIST INSTITUTIONS.—At a meeting of Baptists in Benton, Ontario county, N. Y., called to promote the endowment of the Rochester University, it was stated, in a preamble to resolutions strongly urging the object, that, as appears from the Middle Register, there was in the States of Canada, in all the colleges of our denomination in this country, and less than 125 in all our theological seminaries, and less than 100 in the denomination, of less membership, has between 7000 and 8000 in the colleges, and over 150 in one of its paper and ten flourishing theological seminaries.—*Ch. Chronicle.*

LANE SEMINARY.—We are happy to learn that the required sum of $3,000 has been raised in time, by which the splendid library of Dr. Neander will be secured to Lane Seminary.

UNION COLLEGE, N. Y.—We are authorized to state that there is no foundation for the report that Dr. Nott has it in contemplation to resign the Presidency. The venerable Sage of Schenectady, we presume, intends to work as long as he lives, and die in the harness. Rev. Dr. Hickok, of Auburn, who has been elected Vice President of the college, is a native of Danbury, Conn., was formerly pastor at Litchfield, then Professor of Theology at Hudson, and hence he was transferred to Auburn. We learn that he has determined not to remove at present.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE.—It is Dr. Valentine Mott, Jr., eldest son of the eminent surgeon, whose name he bears, that has been appointed professor of surgery.

EAST TENNESSEE.—An effort is now in progress to unite the Washington and Tusculum colleges into one at Washington.

AUSTIN COLLEGE, TEXAS.—Rev. Dr. Baker has collected by subscription $36,500; the building is commenced and will be finished this fall. In an appeal for help lately published, he says—

"Texas lies on the confines of the territory of the "*man of sin*," and the subscriber, having lately returned from a missionary tour along the valley of the Rio Grande, is free to say, that the Mexicans have a profound respect for us as a nation, and that at least, many of them are at this time much disposed to sit at our feet and learn our language, our religion, and our laws. Certain events of recent date, both upon the land and the wave, having taught them our superiority in the *arts of war*, now is the time to teach them our superiority also in the *arts of peace!*"

ELGIN COLLEGE, ILL.—The enterprise formerly commenced by the Free Will Baptists to found a college at Elgin, and discontinued for want of funds, is about to be resumed under the joint auspices of the Calvinistic and Free Will Baptists.

COLLEGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—Col. W. C. Preston, late Senator in Congress, under whose presidency this college has been more flourishing than ever before, has definitively resigned his office; Professor Thornwell, D.D., has also resigned. It will be difficult to fill their places with men who will equally secure the confidence of the public and the affections of the students.

ERSKINE COLLEGE, S. C.—Belongs to the Associate Reformed Church of the South. Rev. R. C Grier, President, has 82 students, including 17 preparatory.

MADISON COLLEGE PA.—This institution, which has recently passed into the hands of the Methodist Protestant Church, goes into operation Sept. 1, under the presidency of Rev. H. H. Hall, A.M., of Va. It is located at Uniontown, on the National Road, within 15 miles of the Virginia line, and 3 miles from the base from the Allegany mountains.

EPISCOPAL COLLEGES.—The *Church Review* institutes a comparison from which it draws the conclusion that Trinity and Geneva Colleges (Epis.) have been equal to the average of colleges in the first 20 years of their existence. The table it gives shows that ten non-Episcopal colleges graduated in their first twenty years 2203 students, averaging 220 each, of whom 841 entered the ministry, averaging 84; while the two Episcopal colleges graduated 387, averaging 194; of whom 149 entered the ministry, averaging 75.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VA.—John L. Campbell, Esq., of Richmond, Ky., has been appointed Professor of Chemistry.

CENTRAL COLLEGE, N. Y.—This college, at M'Grawville, Cortland Co., was the subject of much discussion in the legislature of the State, on account of its rules discarding the distinction of color among the students and teachers. A correspondent of the American Baptist thinks the college has no reason to regret its application to the legislature. He says—

"We have obtained a College Charter, which places it on the same platform with other colleges in our State. The legislature has been engaged nearly two whole days in discussing its principles, and though many false and slanderous charges have been made, and reiterated by pro-slavery editors, yet, I trust it will, in the end, prove an advantage to the College. We shall hereafter be known in every part of the State, and those who are friends will prove themselves to be so, by aiding this noble institution.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE, CAL.—The Supreme Court of California have granted an act of incorporation to the President and Trustees of the California Wesleyan College, at Santa Clara. It was started by the enterprise of Annis Merrill, Esq., formerly of Boston, has already obtained an endowment of $37,000, and is under the supervision of the M. E. Church.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL COLLEGE.—Belongs to the Freewill Baptists. Commencement, July 9. The *Morning Star* says:

"One young lady, Miss Elizabeth D. Camp, of Palmyra, N. Y., graduated from the Female Department. Several others expect to complete the course of four years by the next commencement."

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, PA.—Rev. Dr. McLane, President, preached, 3d inst., in the Presbyterian church in Huntington, Pa., and on Monday secured from the congregation *one thousand dollars* toward the endowment of the College.

OTTERBEIN, OHIO.—Otterbein University is located at Westerville, Franklin county, Ohio, twelve miles north of Columbus.—*Telescope*.

THE VAUDOIS synod has eight professors and seventy-five students in the college at La Tour; fourteen pupils in the female seminary: fifteen students in the classical school in Pomerel; besides, they have one hundred and thirty-two common schools in the valley. They have eleven students in Switzerland, and two at Berlin. One-thirty-second part of the Vaudois population are students.

LITERARY.

Col. H. Forbes's "Four Lectures on Recent Events in Italy," as delivered in the New York University. D. Fanshaw, printer, 35 Ann-street, corner of Nassau. Price 25 cents. Col. Forbes was a devoted actor in the Italian revolutions of 1847-'9, and describes what he has had the *very best* opportunities to know. "Coming events" already revive a special interest in regard to that country and those transactions, of which the fruits are not yet matured.

"Life in the West; or, The Moreton Family." By the author of the Village Home. Published by the Am. School Union. 18mo, pp. 258.

The *Literary World* says of a new work on "the Elements of Latin Pronunciation" by Prof. Haldeman, of the University of Pennsylvania, that it is really *mutton in parvo*. Professing to be merely a gu de to scientific students who do not scholars, it opens out into a discussion of all the doubtful questions in Greek and Latin pronunciation.

"Memoir of the Rev Edward Bickersteth, late Rector of Watton." By Rev. T. R. Biks, M.A. With an Introduction by Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. Published by the Harpers. 2 vols, 12mo, pp. 398 and 412. With a portrait.

"Sarah Lee and Susan Grey." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Education, Philadelphia. Stitched 24 mo, pp. 32.

"No stone is raised to tell the spot,
Within the churchyard wide,
Where Sarah Lee and Susan Grey
Lie moldering side by side.

"But God, who blessed them with his grace,
Knows where their slumbering dust is;
And he will call them from the grave,
And take them to the sky,

"To reign with Christ through endless years,
In peace, and joy, and love;
For they were those he cross below
Shall wear his crown above."

A second series of "Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica," comes from the press of J. S. Redfield, uniform in style with the former volume, 8vo, pp. 326.

"Hymns for Schools." By Prof. C. D. Cleveland, of Philadelphia. 18mo, pp. 270. Published by E. C. & J. Biddle, 6 South Fifth-street. Sold in New York by C. M. Saxton. With 47 selected tunes.

The legislature of Massachusetts passed a law last winter, empowering any town or city to establish a public library, with or without branches, and to raise money for this purpose by a tax not exceeding the amount of one dollar on each rateable poll, and an annual tax for its support not exceeding 25 cents per poll. Public-spirited citizens should initiate the execution of this good design by voluntary donations in money or books.

Through the solicitations of Col. Reid, author of the "Theory of Storms and Winds," Lord Palmerston has united with Mr. Abbott Lawrence in urging the British and American consuls throughout the world to communicate with each other and with officers of the Navy, for the purpose of gathering meteorological investigations and collecting meteorological facts. Diagrams of storm tracks are especially required if the consuls can forward them.

Mr. Lewis Colby of this city, will soon publish the Life and Writings of Rev. Andrew Broaddus, of Virginia, edited by his son. Life written by Rev. De Jeter. Also, a Practical Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, by Neander, translated from the German, by Mrs. H. C. Conant; to be followed by his Commentary on the Epistle of James and others.

Col. Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate of the United States," is to be published by the Appletons, in one volume of 800 pages. The *National Intelligencer* says:

"Although in the main a compilation of selections from the speeches of the author during the senatorial debates of the last thirty years, it will, we understand, furnish a complete record of the political history of the country during that time, and include a great variety of matters derived from the personal connections of Col. Benton with the successive administrations and political organizations of the same era, and the experience which he has derived from his public life."

Cutter's "Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene," designed for colleges, academies, and families. By Calvin Cutter, M.D., with 150 engravings, 12mo, pp. 468.

"First Book in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene," for grammar schools and families. By the same. 12mo, pp. 180, with 85 engraving. Both the above published in Boston, by B. B. Mussey & Co., and sold here by Clark & Austin.

"Sketches of European Capitals." By William Ware, author of Zenobia, &c. The substance of some elegant lectures delivered by Mr. Ware, on Ancient Rome, St. Peter's, Florence, Naples and London. Phillips & Sampson, Boston, publishers. 12mo, pp. 320.

"Cost the Limit of Price." A scientific measure of honesty in trade, and one of the fundamental principles in the solution of the social problem. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. 12mo, stitched, pp. 212. Price 50 cents. W. J. Baner, publisher, 201 William-street. Being No. 2 of tracts on "The Science of Society." No. 1, price 20 cents, was on "The True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual, as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism"

"Modern Crusades; or Holy Wars against Ministers by their People: their Nature, Results, and Remedies." A sermon preached in the Congregational church, Sharon, Conn., June 29, 1851, by Rev. Charles Rockwell, author of "Foreign Travel and Life at Sea," pp. 22. It is a good six years' work for a whole neighborhood of wise and devoted ministers to overcome the evil influence of such a sermon as this, preached, printed, and scattered among the people.

The London Quarterly Review for July, republished by L. Scott & Co., has much curious information on ancient gardening: on the moral condition of Scotland under Popery, &c.: and a very characteristic article on "Recent Travelers in America."

A new anti-slavery newspaper is about to be started in Kentucky, by D. L. Elder, entitled "Progress of the Age." It must be under good auspices, and truly orthodox, for it is strongly recommended by Ex-Gov. Seward, by Gerrit Smith, and by Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany.

The whole number of subscribers to the American Art-Union for 1851, up to July 30, is 5,295; last year to the same day, 3,563—increase 1,732, or 48 per cent. The catalogue of works of art already purchased numbers 205. The line engraving for subscribers is by Jones, after Woodvill's painting of *Mexican News*, besides which there are five other engravings to each subscriber.

FOREIGN.

The American steamer Baltic arrived on Saturday morning, 16th, in nine days, thirteen hours, forty-five minutes, from Liverpool—the shortest passage ever made across the Atlantic.

The Canada arrived at Halifax on Monday morning, and at Boston on Tuesday P.M., with news to the 9th. Parli

Editors' Cable.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Designed for Colleges and Advanced Classes in Schools, as well as for Private Reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. 1851. New York: C. M. Saxton.

This work is supplementary to the author's "Compendium of English Literature," which has been received with general favor. The plan and objects of the Compendium are observed also in this selection;—the only difference between the two works being in the period of time they cover and the circle of authors from which they draw. Every work of this description is of course open to the criticism that too much prominence is given to one author and too little to another, and that favorite pieces or favorite authors are omitted entirely. Prof. Cleveland, however, makes his selections with so much judgment and taste, that the most captious can hardly find fault with them. He is a well-read scholar, and has read with a critical discrimination of the excellencies and defects of authors. Parents and teachers may be assured that nothing inconsistent with the noblest sentiment and the purest morality would be admitted into his compilations. This book will form in the youthful reader a taste for English literature and an appreciation of the style of standard authors; while in the family it will help while away an evening hour in company with the great poets, wits, and classic writers of our own century, when the complete works of these same authors would seem too formidable for such familiar companionship.

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK; OR PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE EDUCATION. By William Hosmer, Editor of the Northern Christian Advocate. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 1851.

If a book of this description was to be written at all, it should have been written by a woman and then discreetly placed in the hands of those whose age, education, and character, would enable them to profit by its suggestions without abusing them. Of much that the author says respecting Moral Education, we would say as he himself remarks on quite another point, a woman "ought to be raised by knowledge above the need of appealing to the other sex for such assistance as cannot be rendered without a sacrifice of delicacy." If such advice is needed, the experience and tact of woman had better furnish it. Perhaps a father might give it to a daughter—though it were far better from the mother,but no male preacher or preacher could unblushingly descant before young ladies upon the topics and in the language of the first few chapters of the book. Yet what could not be spoken with propriety in such circumstances, is thrown before the public in a printed book.

The aim of the author is praiseworthy, and there are doubtless some young women whose inexperience or indiscretion calls for such teachings, and who may possibly be benefited by them. But he seems to be infested with the notion that the natural and universal tendency of woman is to a dereliction from virtue, and the whole treatise on Moral Education proceeds on the supposition that the one virtue to be established in the female mind is Chastity. This imputation is as dishonorable as it is mischievous; dishonorable toward the female sex at large, mischievous in suggesting the evil that it assumes to be common. Had he confined himself to the rebuke of those practices, such as waltzing, which either exhibit or engender indelicacies of feeling, he would have carried with him the moral sense of his readers. But the all-pervading assumption of a deficiency of virtue in the female character, of which men are always ready to take advantage, and which requires that the social intercourse of ladies and gentlemen, and even the sacred relation of marriage shall be constantly guarded by suspicion and artificial restraints, is a great and mischievous error. Notwithstanding therefore the many good suggestions in subsequent chapters, we cannot recommend this book as suitable for promiscuous or family reading.

AN HISTORICAL DISCOURSE in Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Norwalk, Ct., in 1651. Delivered in the First Congregational church in Norwalk, July 9, 1851. By Rev. Nathaniel Bouton. of Concord, N. H. New York: S. W. Benedict, 16 Spruce-street.

The people of Connecticut are awaking to the importance of their local and State history. To cherish ancestral memories and to be as heretofore a nursery of great men, is a worthier object of ambition to that little State than to play a subaltern part in the game of national politics. The discourse of Dr. Bouton is replete with interest not only to the inhabitants of Norwalk and their wide-spread kindred, but to all who would investigate the character of the early settlers of New England and the causes of their influence upon posterity. Few men can be found so thoroughly accomplished for the office of an historian as the author of this discourse; thorough, accurate, candid, sprightly, and imbued with the spirit of his theme, he makes the Past live before us as of yesterday. This production is a worthy compeer of that of Prof. Kingsley, at the bi-centennial anniversary of the New Haven colony. It is very neatly printed.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, July, 1851. Sold in New York by C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway.

Through some oversight incident to summer absence, this Review failed of a notice in its season. Its table of contents is unusually rich and varied. The opening article on THE LIFE OF SOUTHEY evinces a more just and friendly appreciation of the well-balanced intellect and noble heart of the late Poet-Laureate than has been usually accorded to him by reviewers. The article is written in a style and spirit altogether congenial with its subject.

Art. II, on the ANGLO-SAXON RACE, is neither boastful nor prophetic, but purely analytic and historical; yet it suggests some valuable reflections for the present time. The following pregnant sentences should be pondered by every patriot: "Possessing all these elements of progress, we shall go on from strength to strength until we fall by our own sins. Small nations may be devoured by large ones, without, so far as we can see, any fault of their own; *but great and powerful nations fall only by their own sins.*"

Art. III, FREUND'S LATIN LEXICON.

Art. IV, COLTON'S PUBLIC ECONOMY, maintains the necessity of an "effective protecting tariff, at least for half a century to come;" and this in face of the present unexampled prosperity of the country with a low tariff!

Next follow brief but interesting and entertaining articles on *Sanitary Reform*, *A Parsee Merchant*, and *Blennerhasset*.

Art. VIII, THE UNITY OF LANGUAGE AND OF MANKIND, shows no quarter to the speculations of Prof. Agassiz.

A pleasant notice of the late JAMES H. PERKINS, once a valuable contributor to the Review, is followed by a severe critique on *Johnston's Notes on North America*, and with vollies of wit and satire discharged against luckless *Gilfillan* and his *Bards of the Bible*.

THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW.

The July number of this Quarterly has shared the fate of the North American. We have room at present only for a passing notice. The articles of special interest are, An Historical Survey of the South American Republics—a most important but neglected field for Christian enterprise; a somewhat caustic review of Dr. Woods's Works, and a criticism by Prof. Ripley of Dr. Robinson's article on the word *Baptizo* in the new edition of his lexicon.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers continue the publication of those interesting serials, LOSSING'S FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, beautifully illustrated, and the *Life and Labors of the London Poor*, by Mayhew. As only a chance number of these works now and then strays into our office, we shall have to reserve an extended notice till the volumes are complete.

The Messrs. Appleton continue the publication of their valuable Dictionary of Mechanics, and also the Mechanic's Magazine and Engineer's Journal. The tendency of such publications is to elevate practical mechanics to the dignity of a scientific profession.

MISS BEECHER AND GOV. SLADE.

To the Editors of The Independent:

Your paper of the 24th of July surprised me by its notice of a book of Miss Catharine E. Beecher, entitled "The true Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman," in which the writer of the notice, after raising the question, who "was killed" by the "mysterious volume, entitled 'Truth stranger than Fiction,'" comes to the conclusion that it was not Miss Beecher, "for we find her (he says) still as hale and hearty as ever, throwing down the gauntlet to Gov. Slade, in a way that may well cause that veteran in political campaigns to tremble and grow pale. We would advise him that discretion is the better part of valor, and that there is sometimes great virtue and power in silence. There are some things, however, in this family quarrel, that look rather dark, and require to be explained."

But for the last sentence of the above, I should conclude that what precedes it, touching myself, was a dash of irony at the author of the book. If it was not so intended, then I must understand it as designed to give weight and force to the attack on me. Such, indeed, I think, will be the general impression. I shall be slow to entertain that opinion. [This remark was meant simply as a call for information, and not as the endorsement of an opinion. We felt that the whole affair was of too little importance to be brought before the public in so grave and permanent a form; but seeing this had been done, some things seemed to require explanation, which, however, Gov. Slade might leave unexplained without any severe impeachment of his character.—EDS. IND.]

Whether your advice to "silence" was given in jest or in earnest, I shall not follow it. I say this after having seen the book, which I have just succeeded in obtaining. It contains many excellent suggestions in regard to the importance of Female Education; and, in my opinion, indicates the true remedy for the wrongs of women. But the author forgets that there are rights to be respected, as well as wrongs to be redressed. If she had been mindful of this, she would have refrained from misrepresenting me, as she has done in this book, and as I shall, in due time, show to the satisfaction of every impartial mind. I shall do this, not merely on my own account, but on account of the cause in which I am engaged, and with which I am so identified that serious misapprehensions with regard to my administration of its affairs must injuriously affect it. I cannot, I am aware, wholly counteract the mischief, for the misrepresentations of me are *incorporated in the Book*, which, on account of the intrinsic importance of its subject, and the special interest now taken in that subject, will, of course, be extensively read, so that its author will thus succeed in getting her attack upon me into the hands of thousands who could not be otherwise reached by it, unless at her expense—which she avoids by throwing it upon the purchasers of her book. My reply must be printed in pamphlet form, at my own expense, and, under the new Post Office law, must, as far as sent through the mail, be circulated at my own expense: and then it can reach but a small portion of those who will have read the book. Like all other pamphlets, it must have an ephemeral life, while the Book in splendid binding, and with an attractive title, will stand upon the shelf, and lie upon the center table, for the future reading and reference of many who will not even have heard that its plausible misrepresentations of myself have been met and refuted.

The pressure of other engagements will necessarily delay my reply for several weeks, but it shall be forthcoming.

Please give the foregoing a place in your excellent paper.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SLADE.
Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 13, 1851.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.—NO. 5.

MY DEAR BOY:—When boys go away from home to live with other boys from different families, they are apt to find that they are a great deal more *selfish* than they used to think they were while living with their own brothers and sisters. Some children to be sure, are selfish and unkind in their treatment toward their brothers and sisters, never willing that any one should have their playthings, and always wanting the first chance to go anywhere, and the biggest share of anything good. Then parents do right such naughty feelings and actions get corrected; and besides, at home children have a great many playthings in common, and their parents are always at hand to see that they are kind to each other. But sometimes parents don't take pains to correct such faults, and their children may grow up to be very selfish, and always want to have their own way. Now when a boy goes to boarding-school, he finds there not his own brothers and sisters, but other boys, some as old or older than himself, some that he never saw before, and maybe some that have been brought up very differently. Perhaps at home he was the oldest child, and his brothers and sisters used to give up to him, and let him have his own way, and so he grew to be selfish almost without knowing it; and now he expects his school-mates to give up to him, but he finds they won't, and this makes him unhappy. He thinks that they are mean or cross, and he gets vexed at them; but the truth is he is selfish, and he is just beginning to find it out. Or perhaps he was always kind to his brothers and sisters at home, but he feels that he don't know these boys at school, and some of them don't seem to care much about him, and never ask him to play with them, so he thinks he will begin to look out for himself, and try to get every advantage he can; and in this way he may soon grow selfish, when he did not use to be so at home. Now, my son, I wish you to guard against this, to be very careful of the rights and the feelings of others, and always to speak and act kindly to those around you, whether they do so to you or not.

I will explain what I mean by the *rights* of others. Those beautiful rabbits that you showed me when I was at Willow Dell, belong to Brayton; he bought them, or which is the same thing, his father bought them for him. He has a right to take them where he chooses, and to do what he pleases with them, without asking you or anybody else. He has a right to shut them up in their crib, and to tell you and the other boys not to go near them; but that would be mean and selfish, and Brayton is kind, and does not do so, but lets you play with the rabbits just as if they were your own. Still you have no right to go to the rabbits without his permission. Suppose now you should go to the crib to play with the rabbits, and should shut the door, so that Brayton couldn't get in; that would be very unjust and wicked. If he chose to do so, that would be selfish; but for you to do so would be both selfish and unjust. You have a right to do what you please with your own bow and arrows; but to refuse to lend them now and then to a boy that has none, would be selfish and unkind.

There are some things that all the boys at school have a right to alike. Every boy in the school has a right to go in to bathe in that pretty little cove at the bottom of your meadow; and if you should say to a boy smaller than yourself, "You shan't come in here where the bottom is smooth and hard," and should push him away into the mud, that would be very selfish and cruel. It belongs to him just as much as to you, and so does the little grove where you had your pic nic on the Fourth of July. The big boys have no right to go there and say that the little boys shan't come in. The boys from the village have no right to come to your cove or your arbor without your teacher's permission, because these are on your teacher's grounds; but if they get permission, then it would be selfish and unkind for you to drive them away. Always be careful of the rights of others, and be kind in sharing your own rights and pleasures with those around you.

Be careful, too, of the *feelings* of others. Never make fun of a school-mate because he misses his lesson, or has any fault or misfortune. Try to help him, but don't hurt his feelings for the sake of a little fun. Always be polite and kind, never pushing for yourself, but wishing to make others happy.

If all men did as I have now told you, if they were careful of one another's rights and feelings, and kind to one another, there would be no stealing, no murder, nothing wrong, and no need of the Tombs or any other jail. I wish those who are boys now to learn these things, and when they grow up to be men the world will be better on account of it.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Extract from a Letter recently written, addressed to a little girl attending school far away from home.

Now that you are separated from so many beloved earthly friends, why not become the friend of the good and kind and loving God? Your best love belongs by right to your great Benefactor; give it to Him, and confess with tears of grief and penitence how sorry and ashamed you are that you have kept it back so long. Tell Him you abhor your own ingratitude and coldness, and entreat for the melting and subduing influences of the Divine Spirit. Think of the Savior, who suffered so much that we might escape eternal misery. Behold Him weeping in *Gethsemane*,—wandering pale and in hunger through the streets of Jerusalem. See Him mocked and scourged, and his holy, loving face spit upon by his cruel and insolent enemies. See Him bearing with groans and tottering steps the cross up the hill of Calvary. See Him stretched upon the cursed tree, his dear and sinless body tortured by the nails and the spears, and moistened with the bloody sweat of his agony. Hear His dying cry to the Father for his enemies,—*and will you reject him?* To-day He invites you—how tenderly—to come unto him and receive his pardon and blessing,—will you refuse the invitation; *can* you do it?

I believe if you would become a Christian, A—— would too. Think of that: think of being the means of *saving the soul of your friend*—of making her forever happy! I know this would be a joy to you;—and on the other hand, consider how terrible to be a bar to her in the way to Life! You love her; manifest your love in this best and noblest way: by your example and prayers lead her to the cross, and thenceforth how beautiful and holy will your friendship for each other be; with what delight will you look forward to the blessedness of an eternal companionship in that land wherein are no tears nor pains nor partings. Can you ask how you can learn to love the Savior? I answer, simply by becoming acquainted with him. Your soul was formed to love all lovely objects; and the character of Christ, as revealed in the Gospel, is the perfection of all loveliness. But sin, it is true, has blinded your eyes, and without seeing beauty you cannot be won by it. *The eyes of your heart must be opened.* There is but *one* Physician who can restore spiritual vision; apply to Him upon whom the blind *Bartimeus* called; and once beholding him, the chief among ten thousand, you will be forever attracted to him by an unseen power—every affection of your regenerated nature will flow towards him, and the dearest of all names to you thenceforth will be the *name of Jesus.* How touching the account *Charlotte Elizabeth* gives of the conversion of her pupil, the dumb boy. She had vainly attempted in various ingenious ways to give him a knowledge of the plan of salvation; but finally, by the grace of God, the following simple method sufficed. She painted a picture of a burning lake, upon the shores of which were gathered a multitude of persons, old and young, all of whom she gave him to understand, being criminals, were to be thrown into the fire. When his alarm and sympathy were greatly excited, she introduced into the picture another individual, who, she told him, was God's Son; that he came out of heaven—that he so loved these wicked people that he would allow himself to be killed, that they might be saved from the flames. This meager illustration of the grand work of Redemption, with a few explanatory signs, was all that God needed wherewith to acquaint this simple soul with his Savior. "A smile," writes the lady, "perfectly angelic, beamed in his face, his eyes sparkling and dancing with delight, until, with a gush of tears that quite suffused them, he gazed at me, then raised them to the ceiling, his look softened into an expression of deep awe and unbounded love, while he gently spelled on his fingers—'good ONE, good ONE!'"

'Jack' is doubtless now praising the name of that "*good* ONE" in strains of melody that no seraph can excel. My dear friend, do not fancy, like so many of your age, that religion is something for the *old* and not for the *young*. Ask the *dumb boy* if he was too young to sin—too young to die, too young to repent, too young to love the Savior! Was Christ mocking the "little children," when he said, "*Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not?*" Did he utter a falsehood when he declared, "*They who seek me early shall find me?*" Ah, no!—and what was Truth then is Truth still. The arms that embraced little children eighteen centuries ago, are now extended to *you*. The gentle voice that besought the youthful Jew to repent 'while it was called today,' with no less tenderness expostulates with *you*. O listen to that voice ere its tones die away,—fly to those arms ere they are withdrawn forever!

A physician residing in a country town in Connecticut, was called one stormy night to visit a lad who, the messenger said, had been taken suddenly ill. The doctor made haste, and found his patient sitting up in bed surrounded by the family. The minister with solemn face stood near him. His mother, on her knees, her head bowed down, prayed in silence. A sister of the sick boy knelt at his pillow, fanning him and weeping as though her heart would break. The father had gone to the window, but came forward to greet the physician as he entered, with agony stamped upon his every feature. What was the matter?—why all this grief and alarm? The mystery was soon explained. The doctor had come in vain. *Death was already in the chamber!* An *aneurism*, or tumor in an artery of the neck, had burst while the boy was asleep, and he had been aroused by the shock from his last slumber——*to die!* The wonder was that he had lived so long after the rupture. But there he sat supported by pillows and cushions, pale and ghastly as a corpse, gasping for the breath that was fast leaving him. His eyes, constantly glancing around with an expression intense almost to fierceness, seemed imploring relief. Presently a purple hue gathered upon cheek and lip; his jaw fell; a shudder passed over his frame; his eyes became fixed;—*the soul had fled.* For some moments there was no sound save that of the young sister's beating heart in the death chamber; but suddenly a piercing shriek broke the silence, and the distracted mother fell sideways with her face to the floor, crying in accents never to be forgotten, "—— is lost! O mercy! God in heaven, mercy, mercy!"

I will not pain you by dwelling longer upon this woeful scene, and will merely add that it is by such terrible providences as these that God warns us to secure our salvation *without delay.* The poor youth, the circumstances of whose death I have pictured, had been a Sabbath-school scholar almost from his infancy. He had been favored with Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges,—had received from a fond and pious mother 'line upon line and precept upon precept.' Morning and evening, year after year, he had knelt at the family altar. Doubtless the *Spirit* had many times wrestled with his soul—*with what results* I leave you to conjecture, only forget not that the scriptural emblem of the *Spirit* is the *timid dove*, that at a harsh word, a rude gesture, spreads its wings and flies away. H.

EVIDENCES OF PIETY.—It is mentioned as an evidence of the piety of converted heathens at Ceylon, that they have made earnest labors for their perishing countrymen, and desire to communicate the knowledge of the Savior to those ignorant of him, who are at a distance. They are more strongly attached to each other, and more systematic and constant in their efforts to do good.

For the Independent.

A HOME MISSIONARY'S ESTIMATE OF COLPORTAGE.

A home missionary in Michigan, in a letter to the secretaries of the American Tract Society, thus gives his testimony to the usefulness of the publications of the society, and to the worth of colporteur labors. "I take this opportunity of expressing my sense of the valuable assistance in my missionary labors derived from the tracts with which, as a missionary of the A. H. M. Society, I have been furnished by your society. In several instances the reading of a tract presented after personal conversation, has been the means of bringing a soul to an immediate decision for Christ. In a recent revival, I called upon a person living without God, and after conversation and prayer, handed her a tract selected as appropriate to her case, from a little packet which I always carry with me. A short time after, she expressed the hope that God had brought her to himself; and then, referring to my visit, said she could not describe her feelings when, on sitting down to read the tract, she found it was one that had been the means of the conversion of her sister on her death-bed. It was the tract entitled "Coming to Christ."

During the revival, one of your colporteurs spent a week or two with us, and rendered valuable assistance by his visits from house to house, as well as by the books and tracts he circulated. We greatly need the labors of a colporteur in this part of the country. A few weeks' experience as a colporteur while a member of the seminary, taught me how admirably adapted is the system to reach those whom no other means of grace will reach. I may add that, many a time since, laboring as a home missionary, have I been conscious of the benefit to myself of those few weeks of colporteur service."

For the Independent.

LEADING THE PEOPLE BY THEIR PREJUDICES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Let me commend to the attention and to the deep thought of the people, the following remarks from the *London Economist* of July 5, which though made as respects France, apply so nearly to us, that one might think they had been suggested by a survey of our own political horizon. The leaders of each party will of course apply them to their opponents without dreaming of their applicability to themselves.

"It is a sad augury for a nation, when her ablest statesmen find it safer to pander to her prejudices than to consult her welfare, when either from an ambition of power or dread of unpopularity, they shrink from a bold avowal of their principles and fall in with the prevailing delusion of the people or the capricious passion of the hour. * * * One of the most painful and ill-omened features in the present national life * * is the absence of great, noble and stainless statesmen, deserving that high name, whom all reverence, whom all could trust, whom all honest citizens could hallow and obey, who in these critical and gloomy times could influence and sway the people by the force of character alone."

Is it possible that any reflecting men can compare the public and private characters of the men of the first Congress with those of their present successors, and think that we have no need to apply the foregoing remarks to ourselves? Is there no hope that the masses will ever again (instinctively as it were) select, to think and act for them, those persons to whom as individuals they would trust the care of their families and their property, rather than follow blindfold those ambitious and unscrupulous persons who are "*using*" the people for their own benefit, almost without disguise? REFLEX.

Boston, July 25, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONNET.

For the Independent.

"Our life's star
Hath elsewhere had its setting."

Where are those native fields, that we, in dreams,
Like exiles, loosed from daily fetters, tread?
Where is the garden of the mighty dead—
Or our past selves, whose hallowed memory seems
To gild the future with its living beams?
Whence was that stainless childhood of the heart,
That is and still is not of us a part?
That wins our inert spirits, by the gleams
Of glories past to what they still may be?
Shall we again those stainless regions see?
Or will our souls a darker, endless exile know,
When, what we were, will fill us with despair,
And we shall madly plant on what we are,
And find no future, while the Ages flow?

T. C.

The following exquisite lines are from the pen of one of the most fashionable and accomplished of our city *belles*, who has proved that neither fashion nor wealth nor station can repel the energies of genius, or prevent literary culture, where there exists the necessary taste and talent.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Time is not of Years.

I saw a castle grim and gray,
Standing alone on a lofty crag,
And crumbling slowly to decay,
Its moldering stone appears;
And a sparkling rill danced on near by,
Blithely as it did long ago;
And it seemed to me, as it gurgled, to cry
"Oh time is not of years!"

I saw the pomp of the lordly great,
Passing away from its ancient state,
Oblivion over their name and fate,
Her sepulcher appears;
And I heard a voice from the mighty past,
Calling the names which forever last,
And shouting loud as the winter blast,
"Oh, time is not of years!"

I saw a girl in her beauty's prime,
Worn with the weight of mere social crime,
Mourning the waste of her childhood's time.
With a woe too wild for tears;
And an old man tossing a child at play,
With silver hair and an eye whose ray,
As it glanced at the blue sky, seemed to say
"Oh, time is not of years!"

The Parks of London.

Mr. Downing, the architect, in a letter to the *Horticultural Journal*, has a description of the parks of London, which will be read with interest. Speaking of the West End of London, which includes Hyde, Regent's, St. James, and Green Parks, he says:

"These names are almost as familiar to you as the Battery and Washington Square, and I fear you labor under the delusion that the former are only an enlarged edition of the latter. Believe me, you have fallen into as great an error as if you took the "brick meeting-house" for a suggestion of St. Peter's. The London parks are actually like districts of open country—meadows and fields, country estates, lakes and streams, gardens and shrubberies, with as much variety as if you were in the heart of Cambridgeshire, and as much seclusion in some parts, at certain hours, as if you were on a farm in the interior of Pennsylvania. And the whole is laid out and treated in the main, with a broad and noble feeling of natural beauty, quite the reverse of what you see in the public parks of the continental cities. This makes these parks doubly refreshing to citizens tired of straight lines and formal streets, while the contrast heightens the natural charm. Unaccustomed to this breadth of imitation of nature—this creating a piece of wide-spread country large enough to shut out for the time all trace of the houses, though actually in the midst of a city—an American is always inclined to be incredulous, notwithstanding the abundance of evidence to the contrary that the London parks are a bit of the *native* country, surprised and taken prisoner by the outstretched arms of this giant of modern cities.

St. James' Park and Green Park are enormous pieces of real pleasure-ground scenery—with broad glades of turf, noble trees, rich masses of shrubbery and flowering plants—lakes filled with rare water-fowl, and the proper surroundings, in facts, to two royal palaces, and the finest private houses in London, but still open to the enjoyment of hundreds of thousands daily. You look out upon the forest of verdure in Green Park, as you sit in the windows of our present Minister's fine mansion in Picadilly, astonished at the breadth and beauty of the landscape, which seems to you more like a glimpse into one of the loveliest pleasure-grounds on the Hudson than the belongings of a great metropolis.

"But the pride of London is in Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, which, together, contain nearly 800 acres; so that you have to make a circuit of nearly seven miles to go over the entire circumference. If you enter Hyde Park in the morning, when all the world of fashion is asleep, you will fancy, after you have left the great gateways and the fine colossal statue of Achilles far enough behind you to be quite out of sight, that you have made a mistake, and strolled out into the country unawares."

PRESERVING SHEEP FROM DOGS.—Let me publish to the sheep-raising world, a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since, by a highly respectable and valued friend, himself an extensive wool grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock, a bell of the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this:—The instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner—his attacks upon sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneous jingling of all the bells, strikes terror to the dogs; they turn tails and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of bells might be made to vary according to the size of the flock. The importance of sheep preservation from dogs, the writer hopes, will claim for this communication an insertion in most of the papers of the Union, that a remedy so cheap and simple may be fully tested.—*Richmond Whig.*

Cutter's ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE.

REVISED EDITION, 1849.

ALTHOUGH the works prepared by Dr. CUTTER, had met with very general approbation, yet those interested have determined to make the series as perfect as possible. To accomplish this the author was engaged more than a year in thoroughly revising every part. In this task he was aided by several friends and practical instructors. After the work was thus thoroughly remodeled, the publishers caused an edition of several hundred copies to be printed.

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